HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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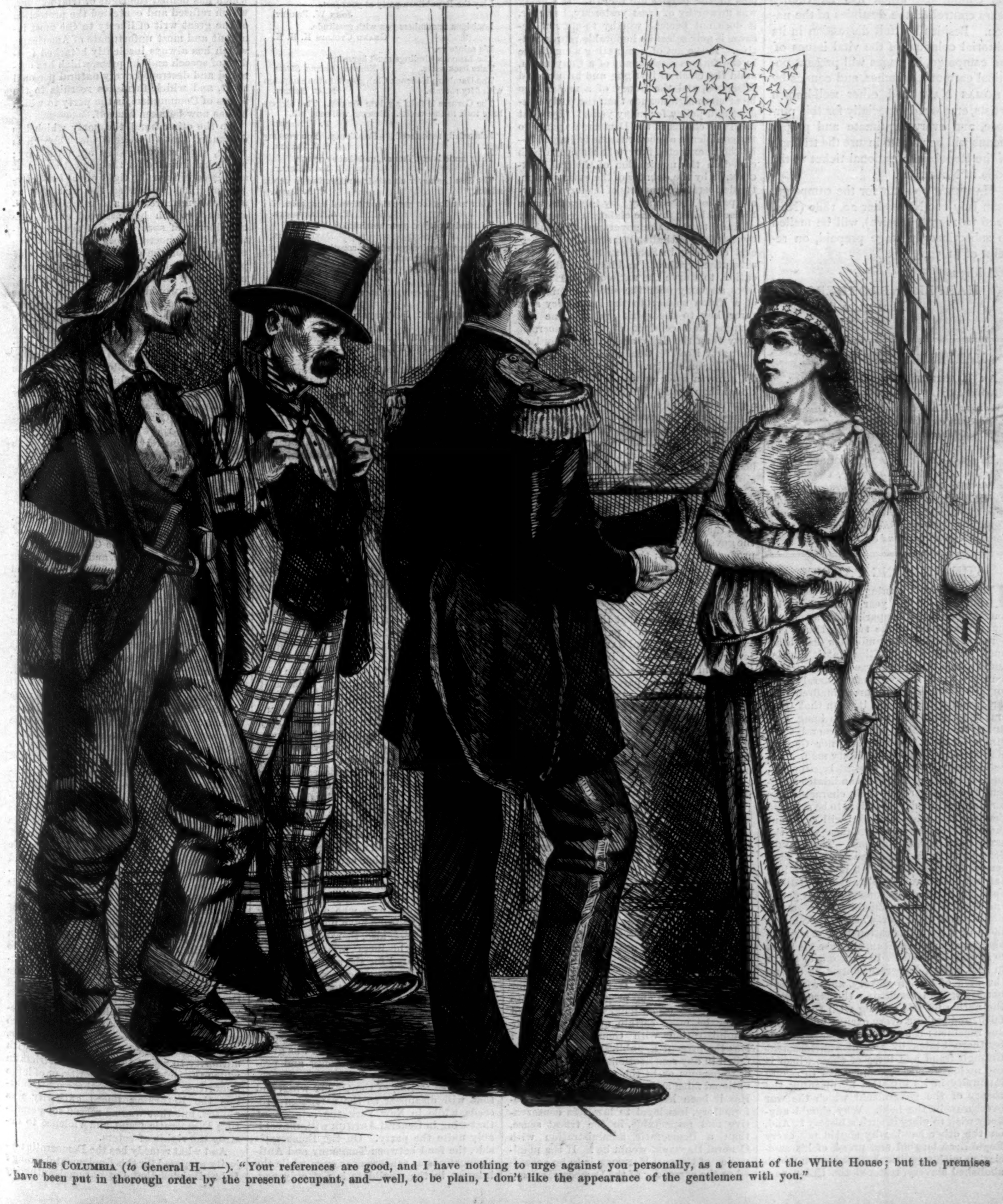

Miss Columbia (*to* General H——). "Your references are good, and I have nothing to urge against you personally, as a tenant of the White House; but the premises have been put in thorough order by the present occupant, and—well, to be plain, I don't like the appearance of the gentlemen with you."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 24, 1880.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
FOR THE
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

The attention of our readers is respectfully directed to the advertisement in another column of Harper's Weekly for the present political campaign. The Weekly will cordially and heartily support Republican principles and the Republican candidates, and will do everything in its power to promote the success of the party which has preserved the Union, and which has for twenty years controlled the destinies of the nation. Besides the full discussion in its editorial columns of the vital issues of the campaign, its pages will present political cartoons, sketches, and comics by Thomas Nast and other well-known artists, employed especially for this purpose, and every legitimate and proper means will be used to insure the triumph of the Republican national ticket at the polls in November.

Harper's Weekly for the campaign, from July 1 to November 20, 1880 (Nos. 1226 to 1247, inclusive), will be mailed to subscribers, postage prepaid, on receipt of $1 50.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square,
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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No. 37, issued July 13, contains an entertaining story entitled "A Crabbing Adventure," illustrated; a pretty little poem called "Eddie's Lanterns"; "Easy Botany," for July; the beginning of* Lossing's *"Story of the American Navy," illustrated; Chapter Seven of "The Moral Pirates," illustrated; a very interesting account of "Robinson Crusoe's Island," with two beautiful illustrations; "Philemon's Circus;" "Japanese Children," illustrated; "A Sea-side Adventure;" and other attractions.*

THE OPPOSING PARTIES.

It is the great advantage of the political campaign of this year that it is to be fought upon a full comparison of the claims and probabilities of the two parties. The personal slander of candidates has been pushed so far in our politics that it recoils, and wounds those who urge it. Honorable men no more believe that General Garfield sold himself for three hundred dollars, and then lied about it, than that General Hancock was anxious to hang Mrs. Surratt. Nothing shows General Garfield to be a corrupt man, nor General Hancock to be a blood-thirsty man. The pot-house part of the contest began early, and ended soon. The two candidates represent the two parties—their character, history, and principles—and it is to be assumed that the one who is elected will carry out those principles in accordance with the party character and history. The Republican party is blamed for so much and such constant retrospect. But it is certainly natural both that Republicans should dilate upon the great achievements of their party, and that Democrats should be profoundly silent about their party history. What is there in it for a generation that can possibly inspire any American, or cause his heart to swell with pride? It went out of power in 1861, after a desperate contest to extend the area of human slavery, and after embarrassing and perplexing the struggle of the nation for life, trifling with the public faith, and seeking every excuse for treason and rebellion; it now holds power in several Southern States by the disfranchisement through fraud and force of those whom it can no longer enslave, and seeks to secure immunity in its injustice by pleading the theory of the government which the war overthrew in the field. Why should anybody wish to glory in such a history? And, on the other hand, why should not every Republican be glad and proud of his association with a political organization which abolished slavery, restored the Union as a bond of equal liberty, maintained the public faith, and vindicated popular government as the strongest of all governments?

Parties are historical, and, so far as the past is concerned, Republicans are justly proud. But it is true that no past service condones a present offense. It was no excuse for Benedict Arnold, betraying his country at West Point, that he had saved the day at Saratoga. If to-day the Republican party, as its opponents allege, is revolutionary, or extravagant, or corrupt, it is no reason for supporting it that it abolished slavery and conferred equal political and civil rights, nor is that plea urged. The argument is only that the presumption is in its favor. If a child has been truthful, it is fair to assume, until the assumption be disproved, that the man does not lie; and if a child stole, it is not unnatural to suppose that the man may be a thief. The great interests of the country, which are committed under our system to the care of party administrations, are obvious, and the principles of the parties are known. If a party was unworthy of trust yesterday, however, it does not become worthy to-morrow because it may select an honorable representative. Is the act of nominating a candidate in the furious excitement of a Convention, amid the clash of intrigue and bribery and falsehood, and the frenzy of a moment, to be of more significance than the party conduct and policy for many years? By what shall the claims of the Democratic party to the confidence of good citizens be judged?—by the unexpected flurry of a moment which ended in the nomination of General Hancock, or by the debates of the extra session, the deliberate arguments of leaders from every part of the country; by the votes upon financial bills; by the elaborate conspiracy of fraud to steal the government of Maine; by the admitted ballot-box stuffing and electoral cheating in Southern States; by the revolutionary threat, and its attempted execution, to starve the national government? Does anybody offer the simple nomination of a Union soldier to the Presidency as a surer key to the spirit and doctrine and purpose and conduct of the Democratic party than the daily and yearly record of the party itself? General Hancock was a brave Union soldier. Does that fact make his party a safer guardian of the restored Union than the Republican party? Is this a government of men, or of laws made and administered by parties? Is it General Garfield, the volunteer Union soldier, or General Hancock, the professional Union soldier, at whom we are to look, or at the bodies of men behind them, with their principles and antecedents and convictions?

Behind General Hancock is a "solid South," made solid by force and fraud; behind him is the old enduring hate and injustice toward the colored citizen; the false theory of the government which alienates sections and produced the war; the rag-money vote with which his supporters are allied in Maine; the most ignorant and degraded vote of great cities—all these are included in the body behind General Hancock, and it is upon these, not upon him, that the eye and mind of the intelligent and patriotic voter are bent. Behind General Garfield is the majority of intelligent and industrious voters in the old Free States, and associated with them, as with every party, are discreditable men and rings and plans. But can any honest man doubt as to which of these two bodies of men he would more readily intrust the government? Nay, if the choice lay between the two candidates alone, would any American who comprehends what government is in so vast and complicated a country as ours, prefer a professional soldier merely, however upright a man, to an equally upright man, and an equally brave, although not professional, soldier, whose remarkable natural aptitude for public affairs had been amply and carefully trained by long experience? If the chief public question at this time be held to be that of financial administration, would the finances be more wisely managed by the Democratic party and General Hancock? If it be the protection of a free ballot, would the security of the voter be greater with the Democratic party and General Hancock? If it be administrative reform, would it be more probable under the Democratic party and General Hancock? If it be respect for just State rights and prompt and adequate maintenance of national authority, would either be more certain under Democratic administration with General Hancock? Has the present Republican administration failed in any constitutional duty to sections or to persons, or in the maintenance of the national faith and a sound financial policy? Has it been less able, less honest, less reformatory, less loyal to law, less conservative and respectable, in the truest sense, than a Democratic administration with General Hancock would be? If the nomination of General Hancock is to be accepted as the surrender of the Democratic party to Republican principles, the country will naturally prefer to trust the party which has always held those principles. If it be not such a surrender, then it is only another feint of a party which, in professing loyalty to liberty and fidelity to equal rights and an honest vote, always does seem to be feigning. Of the two candidates, there can be no doubt which is the fitter for the office; and of the two parties which they represent, the judgment of the country for twenty years will not be reversed.

UNPUBLISHED CONGRATULATIONS.

We find in the Providence *Journal* the following congratulatory telegrams to General Hancock, which have not been published. They have every intrinsic evidence of authenticity:

We forgive you. Wade Hampton.

I pledge you the support of the boys in blue.
Fitz-John Porter.

I lay the Republican party at your feet.
John W. Forney.

Louisiana remembers you with gratitude.
Grand Cyclops K. K. K.

We salute ye.
The Lincoln hirelings must hereafter
Take back seats. Editor *Okolona States.*

The Hamburg Hancock Club goes into the campaign with fifty rounds. M. C. Butler.

The Corners is firin' a salute for you. The niggers have took to the woods. Bascom will send bill.
P. V. Nasby.

I cheerfully renounced the Presidency. You were my heir. S. J. Tilden.

Your name is not Tilden, and that's enough.
John Kelly.

The *Sun* has never objected to militarism in public affairs. C. A. Dana.

Your nomination gave me unalloyed happiness.
T. A. Hendricks.

I danced for joy at your nomination.
David Davis.

The party has long needed a constitutional lawyer like yourself at its head. A. G. Thurman.

Count Pennsylvania for the free-trade platform.
W. A. Wallace.

Am preparing a congratulatory telegram.
G. B. McClellan.

Glory to Gideon! Don't say a word until I get home.
J. S. Black.

The members of the Philadelphia Sluggers Hancock Club pledge you twelve votes apiece.
William McMullen.

In my presen' condishin, I prefer you to Neal Dow.
Daniel Rice.

THE CHANCES IN NEW YORK.

We observe that some Democratic journals count upon the success of their party in New York upon the ground of Mr. Tilden's majority in 1876. But they forget the essential facts. The result in New York is always very variable. General Dix carried the State in 1872 by 50,000 majority, and Mr. Tilden two years later by about the same majority. Two years afterward, however, with all the excitement of a Presidential year, his majority fell off nearly one-half.

We have already indicated the reasons for believing that the conditions in New York this year are unfavorable to the Democrats. In 1876 there was a general impression that Mr. Tilden was really a reformer. This conviction was of the utmost service to him, and, with the "independent" disgust with the situation, secured him the independent vote. That vote will be cast for Garfield this year, because it prefers a trained and able statesman to a soldier, and because the nomination of General Garfield shows the Republican party not to be boss-ridden. The cipher exposures, moreover, have thoroughly disposed of the Tilden "reform" cry. In 1876, also, there was a hope that the Democratic party had been chastened, and might be trusted. But that feeling has been wholly dissipated by the attitude and arguments of the extra session and by the Garcelon plot in Maine. There is deep distrust of a party strong only in the Southern States, and strong there by illicit means, and which can elect a President only by the votes of "ex-Confederates." It is a kind of sectionalism which, under the circumstances, is exceedingly repugnant to patriotic and quiet men, who are certainly not vindictive, and who have no bloody shirt to wave. In 1876, also, there was general industrial and business prostration, and change was desired for the sake of change. The situation is now exactly reversed, and change is precisely what is most deprecated. Democratic success would necessarily involve enormous changes of every kind, and business relations and industrial enterprise everywhere would regard such a prospect with dismay. In 1876, also, there was great Republican discontent and doubt and protest. In 1880 the only Republican disturbance is the feeling of the Grant wing, and that will disappear as the campaign proceeds, while in New York the interest of that wing in General Arthur will unavoidably unite the party. On the Democratic side, the feud between Tammany and Anti-Tammany is as rancorous as ever, while the interest in the candidate is not only negative, but difficult, because, with him, the usual Democratic party rallying cries are absurd.

The State of New York will be closely contested, but with every advantage for the Republicans. It is, however, absolutely necessary to improve those advantages, and thorough organization is indispensable. If every county and district will take the initiative for itself, and not wait for the action of the State Committee, it will be just so much readier to co-operate effectively with the committee.

POLITICAL WAGGERY.

General Pearson, a Pennsylvania Republican, has declared for General Hancock because that gentleman has proclaimed "that the right of trial by jury, the *habeas corpus*, the liberty of speech, the natural rights of persons, and the rights of property must be preserved."

General Pearson is a wag. The party which has denied the right of trial by jury, which refused and contested the protection of the great writ of liberty to the most innocent and most unfortunate of Americans, which has always insolently attacked freedom of speech and the press, which has outraged and destroyed every natural personal right, and which furnishes recruits to the forces of Communism, is the party to which he has now betaken himself.

On the other hand, the party which has demanded that all citizens, black as well as white, shall serve equally upon the jury; which has invoked for the poorest and most oppressed citizen the right of the *habeas corpus*, and has suspended the writ only as against armed treason, and to save the government; which has asserted everywhere the liberty of speech and of the press, attacked by Democratic foes; which was born of respect for the equal natural rights of persons; which is the uncompromising enemy of every form of Communism, including that which would lower the value of the dollar of the laborer—is the Republican party which the General leaves. If in any State to-day the personal rights of any man are imperilled; if any voter is in danger of being driven from the polls by force, or of being defrauded of his ballot; if any man asks in vain to be tried by his peers, or any adequate defense of law is denied, the guilty responsibility does not rest with the Republican party. General Pearson has the unquestionable right of voting as he chooses, but he has entirely destroyed the influence of his decision by thoughtlessly giving what he supposes to be reasons for it.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

A free ballot, we are told by the Democratic platform, is the right preservative of all rights. That was the Garcelon Democratic view, we presume, and the bulldozing Democratic view, and the White League and Ku-Klux Democratic view, and the tissue-ballot Democratic view, and the Tweed and McCunn naturalization Democratic view. If the right of an American citizen, black or white, to vote freely, and to have his vote honestly counted, is anywhere imperiled, it is in the Democratic "solid South," made Democratic by destroying the free ballot. Nobody can have the least doubt that if all authorized voters of every complexion were allowed to vote unconstrained, and if the votes were honestly counted, there would be an enormous Republican majority.

Sir George Campbell, who was in "the South" during the last Congressional election, says that there was not only no question of the tissue-ballot frauds, but that they were openly defended as the best practicable means of securing the ascendency of the whites. Indeed, this particular Democratic form of destroying the right preservative of all rights is also defended by Democratic experts as a much less disagreeable method than the equally familiar Democratic method of the shot-gun. The Returning Boards for which Republicans have been so warmly denounced by Democrats were devices of the law to annul Democratic overthrow of the right preservative of all rights. When in certain districts which were known to have large Republican majorities the entire Republican vote was kept from the polls by Democratic violence, and a loud Democratic demand was heard to have the vote counted as fraudulently cast, the Republicans determined to do something to preserve the right preservative of all rights, and they established Returning Boards with authority to reject the votes of districts in which the rights of the majority, or of large minorities, had been overthrown. Doubtless the Returning Board authority was abused, but that was no reason for permitting Democratic fraud and violence to destroy the rights of voters.

And what remedy has the Democratic majority proposed for this fundamental wrong? It has insisted that the national authority

shall have no power to protect its voters, if necessary, by armed force, and it has refused to prohibit armed force to those who threaten such voters. The intelligence and the humor of the country will be equally entertained by a declaration that a free ballot is the right preservative of all rights, proceeding from a party which for many a year has been a conspiracy against free voting and honest counting.

GEORGE RIPLEY.

The life of George Ripley was divided into three distinct epochs. He was a clergyman from 1826 to 1841, a practical social reformer from 1841 to 1847, and a professional man of letters from that time until his death. But he was always a remarkable scholar, of great range, of singular accuracy and thoroughness, and always a man of entire modesty and total freedom from ostentation of every kind; reticent about himself, but with a cosmopolitan sympathy and gay humor which made his society delightful. He was born in Greenfield, Massachusetts, on the 3d of October, 1802, when Jefferson was President. Jefferson is called the father of American Democracy, but Ripley's Democracy was of a kind of which Jefferson did not dream, and it was absolutely free from personal ambition. It was founded upon faith in man, and contemplated an ideal society. He was an apostle of freedom, moral, mental, and political, and his sympathies were always with "the liberators of humanity." He graduated at Harvard College in 1823, and was a tutor there from 1825 to 1826, when he graduated from the Divinity School at Cambridge, and in 1828 he was settled over the Unitarian church in Purchase Street, in Boston. The great Unitarian division from the older Congregational form and dogma had taken place some years before, and Dr. Channing was in the flush of his fame and influence. He was preaching in Federal Street, in the same quarter of the city in which Mr. Ripley was settled, and not far from Mr. Ripley's church. The younger man, with the ardor of a scholar, his vigorous mind forecasting the contest in which he was to take a chief part, went to Europe, and returned deeply grounded in German and French philosophy and theology. He was one of the first among thorough German scholars in this country. He knew the views and the differences of the great masters and leaders of contemporary thought, and his acquirements, already very large and unusual, were thoroughly digested and serviceable. There was no fog in his mind, and no burr upon his tongue, and no evasion in his heart. Urbane and gentle and friendly, he was yet full of energy and vigor, and he was an amply equipped champion of the liberalizing movement before his power and skill were suspected.

The "Transcendental" agitation in New England forty and more years ago was a spiritual revival. Its leaders had been students of Coleridge, and, *mutatis mutandis*, they disturbed that scholarly and elegant repose of Unitarianism, of which perhaps Mr. Everett may be cited as a representative, very much as the Oxford Methodists disturbed the decent calm—which they called stagnation—of the English Church of the last century. The Transcendental spirit questioned every existing form of thought and society, and conservatism uncomfortably felt itself to be driven to its defense. The younger men of the new school had sat at the feet of Channing, and his study was still their grove and their academy, in which the master heard, sometimes doubtless with surprise, but never with fear, the speculations of the minds that he had trained. Among the conspicuous figures of that time Mr. Emerson is the chief, but it was a remarkable group that gathered around him. There were Margaret Fuller, and A. Bronson Alcott, and Theodore Parker, and William Henry Channing, and Frederic Henry Hedge, and Elizabeth P. Peabody, and John S. Dwight, and Henry D. Thoreau, and many more, while the outer circle of intellectual sympathizers included George Bancroft and Orestes Augustus Brownson. Hawthorne, who was a friend of Bancroft and of the Peabody family, was curious rather than interested; while many of the more scholarly Unitarian clergy, like Dr. Frothingham, Dr. Francis, and Dr. Lamson, without leaving their pulpits, maintained a friendly literary and personal relation with the Transcendental leaders. The religious or theological form of the controversy became more aggressively marked after the delivery of Mr. Emerson's address at the Divinity School in 1838, which was construed as an insidious attack upon received religious conclusions, and Professors Andrews Norton and Henry Ware, Jun., of the Divinity School, replied—Professor Norton in a discourse upon the latest form of infidelity, and Professor Ware in a sermon upon the personality of God. Norton and Ripley had already crossed swords over some of the German theologians, and in the controversy which now arose there was no abler combatant than Mr. Ripley. In 1838 he had begun the publication of a series of *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature*, which introduced the German and French philosophy and belles-lettres to American readers; and the *Dial* was also established at this time—a quarterly magazine which appealed to the most cultivated minds, and of which Mr. Emerson and Miss Margaret Fuller were the editors, and Mr. Ripley one of the chief contributors. Meanwhile Mr. Ripley still preached, but the traditions of his pulpit discourses are of a severe thinker and student rather than of an orator. The meetings of the Transcendental leaders were now held at Mr. Ripley's house in Bedford Place, and there was a strong desire to try the experiment of a purely democratic society, based upon intelligent co-operation instead of competition, the Christian ideal, and the dream of generous minds in every age. This desire finally took form at Brook Farm.

Mr. Bancroft's history, of which the publication was already begun, showed his sympathy with what are called Jeffersonian principles, and his intelligent, trained, and catholic mind, with his political philosophy, were in complete accord with those of Mr. Ripley. Dr. Brownson was already perplexed in the toils of his own dialectic, and was writing alone a whole quarterly theological and metaphysical and political review, drifting gradually toward the Roman Church, while Theodore Parker had so alarmed the older Unitarian clergy that they abandoned the "Thursday lecture," which had descended from the first settlement of Boston, rather than give Parker the chance of preaching it again. These three men were intimate friends of Mr. Ripley, but they did not share his desire to try the Arcadian experiment. He had decided, however, with a band of other friends, that the attempt should be made. They formed an association; took a farm of about a hundred acres, some seven or eight miles from Boston, and three or four from Dedham, upon a retired road, called Brook Farm, from a brook which flowed through it; and Mr. Ripley, taking leave of his church in 1841, entered upon a new career.

It is a very common error to suppose that the conspicuous Transcendental leaders of that time were Brook Farmers. Mr. Ripley, John S. Dwight, the musical critic, and Warren S. Burton, a clergyman and an author, were, we believe, the most eminent names among the pioneers. Emerson and Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Dr. Hedge, W. H. Channing, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, Bancroft, Brownson, were never residents at the Farm, although some of them were frequent visitors; and Hawthorne, who was there for a few months, was not in sympathy with the peculiar views and purposes of the pioneers, and has left some droll pictures in his diaries of the life that he saw. "I expected to be in Arcadia," he said, "and found myself up to the neck in a barn-yard." His relations with Arcadia were not very friendly, and his recollections of it were not happy. His *Blithedale Romance* is not a picture of Brook Farm. It is a fantasy peopled with figures partially suggested by persons that he met there, and with one or two scenes drawn from his memory of the farm. But Zenobia is possibly a blending of two characters who were not residents, and the catastrophe is founded upon an event which occurred elsewhere. In sending this story to an old Brook Farmer, Hawthorne told him that he would see that it was not a tale founded on fact. Theodore Parker preached at West Roxbury, a mile or two away, and his strong rustic figure was often seen moving rapidly across the fields to a council with his friend Ripley, who was his chief adviser during his contest with the Boston Association of Ministers. Brook Farm was a co-operative agricultural and educational association, of which the cardinal principle was the union of mental and manual labor. In its earlier days it was a refined and happy society, simple and idyllic, and those who knew it at that time recall it with unalloyed pleasure, and owe to it the most permanent and delightful friendships. It was not a Community, in the usual technical sense of the word; and only toward the end was it a "Phalanstery," or a Fourier association. Mr. Ripley was the head of the society, and he gave himself unreservedly to the arduous and incessant duties of his position. He had implicit faith in the principle of the enterprise, and he had put everything at stake. He knew that in a certain way the whole movement of thought in which he had been so prominent would be tried by the fate of the experiment. It was, he knew, regarded as the practical result of "Transcendentalism." If it failed, that had failed, and its leaders were blind guides. To his companions failure might be the end of a pleasant episode, the falling of the curtain upon a pastoral drama; but to him it must be a sore blow, as seeming to prove the hopelessness of that purer and better society to which his words and hopes and efforts had so long pointed. But the failure came. More than thirty years ago that Round Table, like so many others, was dissolved. Those "goodly knights" were dispersed, and King Arthur, hiding his sorrow under a smile, sought a new realm.

Mr. Ripley was nearly fifty years old when he left Boston and New England forever, and found literary employment in New York. He became the literary critic of the *Tribune*, succeeding Margaret Fuller, and a literary adviser of the Harpers. In both relations he continued to the end, with an unparalleled independence, sagacity, fidelity, and thoroughness. No man in this country of equal equipment for his duties was ever so long connected with a daily journal, and no series of criticisms upon contemporary publications is so remarkable as his for justice and candor, and for generous appreciation. He has reviewed thousands of authors, but we doubt if a single one of them has ever felt unkindly toward his critic, or has suspected any other than the most upright purpose. The range of his information was so wide, the habit of his mind so just, and his love of truth so sincere, that his praise was fame, and his censure had no personal sting. He was as indefatigable and careful a literary worker as he was a richly accomplished scholar and profound and accurate thinker. With Mr. Charles A. Dana, who had been his chief assistant, a kind of Prime Minister, at Brook Farm, he edited *Appleton's Cyclopædia*, and the revison of that great work is a monument of Mr. Ripley's untiring industry and care of detail, as well as of his remarkable sense of proportion and propriety. In all his later life, with its constant and full activity, there was no repining for the past, no petty vexation that his great intellectual controversy and his noble practical endeavor were both ended. He took no part in public affairs, and never sought distinction or applause; but while his own life was wholly that of a scholar, he had a fresh and sympathetic interest with every aspect of life around him. The love of liberty, which was the mainspring of his life, never faltered. Neither his heart nor his brain was weary. True to his friends, to his God, to himself, and uncompromisingly true to the truth, this brave preacher, reformer, scholar, lived a long and pure and beneficent life, and still lives in the undying memory of friends and contemporaries as the most modest of accomplished scholars, and the most generous and gentle of men.

THE LESSON OF THE RAIN.

The copious rain of the Fourth of July, which, like the celebration, fell upon the 5th, was most grateful to the thirsty and parched country, but it was a sore disaster for the pilgrims of pleasure. Nothing, indeed, could be a more melancholy spectacle than crowds of honest people out for a day's enjoyment, and caught in a pitilessly soaking rain. This was the dismal fate on Independence-day of the thousands at Coney Island. There were spacious hotels to receive them, but they were obliged to return to town, and the rain was not a shower, but a steady storm.

The truth is that the sudden revelation of this delightful resort in the neighborhood of the city has, like a rain, found the pleasure-seeker wholly unprepared. He has yet to learn how to go pleasuring. The warmer the day, the more enticing is the trip from the city, and the more alluring the thought of the cool breath of the ocean. But the warmer the day, also, the greater the probability of a shower, and the more imperative the necessity of preparation for it. This is all the more imperative when the children go, and this reflection points the moral of the late Fourth-of-July rain.

Punch's advice to those intending marriage was, "Don't." The proper advice to those proposing a day's pleasure at Coney Island or elsewhere is, "Take an umbrella." And umbrella must have the most liberal interpretation. It means light overshoes and water-proof cloaks. They would make a bundle, indeed, but so does the baby; and one bundle more or less, ladies, what does it matter, when there is a man to carry it? The excursionist with an umbrella can't be caught in the rain. Remember the Fourth of July, and become such an excursionist.

AMERICAN AND FRENCH REPUBLICANISM.

American republicans have always had a great distrust of French republicans, as not comprehending the republican principle. Laboulaye used to say that his countrymen could not understand that the object of a constitution is the protection of the minority, and it is probable that most Frenchmen suppose a republic to be the unchecked and absolute rule of the majority.

The French government has just shown a curious inconsistency. It has expelled the Jesuits, and proposed a universal amnesty; that is to say, it prefers Communists to priests. Every state has the right of self-defense, and it may take such action as it deems essential to its own safety. But in exercising this power it is morally bound to consider principles established by experience. If Jesuitism be a danger to the state, it can not be suppressed by law, and the practical question is, therefore, whether it is more dangerous when collected openly in communities, or when dispersed invisibly and incalculably throughout the state. The French Assembly has decided that the latter is less dangerous. But the former course is the course of freedom, and therefore, we believe, the safer. In America the best protection against ecclesiastical usurpation and influence of every kind is found in absolute religious liberty and equality.

The amnesty is supported by Gambetta, and opposed by Jules Ferry, who favored the Jesuit exclusion. The same principle should govern here, and all political offenders, not assassins and criminals of every kind, should be suffered to return. Freedom is best defended by freedom. Equal laws, made by the representatives of the people, and vigilantly and certainly enforced, are the surest guarantee of republican liberty.

PERSONAL.

We find in the New York *Herald* the following appreciative notice of a young American artist whose work has frequently adorned the pages of Harper's Weekly and Harper's Magazine: "In Harper's Weekly for the 10th inst. there is a double-page wood-cut, 'The First Public Reading of the Declaration of Independence—the Members Leaving Independence Hall,' admirably drawn by Howard Pyle, and faithfully translated by the engravers, Smithwick and French. It will take rank among the best original illustrative works which have appeared in a weekly journal in this country or in Europe for years. This historical picture—for it is nothing else, though but a print from a wood block—is more creditable to American art than the whole of the paintings on an average wall at an Academy exhibition. The group of members, excellent as portraits, as well in face as in figure and action; the guard of soldiers; the excited semi-bucolic crowd; and the fine old building itself, warmed by the July sunshine—are worthy of the highest praise. The author should resolve some day to paint from this motive a picture, which, if as well done as the engraving, would be well worthy of a place in Independence Hall, or the Capitol itself."

—A Toledo dispatch to the Cincinnati *Commercial* of July 2 contains a personal item relating to General Hancock. It says: "A gentleman in this city to-day received a letter from a friend in Vicksburg who was a resident of New Orleans at the time General Hancock was in command of the latter city. He incloses a copy of a note sent by General Beauregard to General Hancock in reply to an invitation from the latter to dinner. The note ran thus: 'General H.,—Please don't humble me by those flags. I'll come and see you, but first remove them.' The flags were accordingly ordered down, and Beauregard dined with General Hancock, who was thus guilty of an open insult to the flag to soothe the irritated nerves of an unrepentant rebel."

—The ex-Empress Eugénie is on her return voyage to England from her sad pilgrimage to the place where her son was killed. She will probably visit St. Helena on her way.

—General Cesnola, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is enjoying his vacation in the White Mountains.

—Mr. A. G. Porter, Republican nominee for Governor of Indiana, began life as a young ferryman on the Ohio River, opposite Lawrenceburg. When he had reached the age of fifteen he had saved enough money at this work to carry him partly through a college course.

—Mr. George W. Childs, who is always doing kind and generous things, gave his annual dinner to the newsboys of Philadelphia on the 5th inst. They marched to the "banquet hall" in procession, carrying banners on which were many merry inscriptions. One was boyish enough, "Ain't this Jolly?" And another doubtless expressed the sentiments of many a little ragamuffin, "We like this kind of Child's play."

—The President and family have taken up their residence at the Soldiers' Home for the summer.

—The Hon. William E. Curtis, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of this city, who died at Watertown, New York, on the 6th inst., was a native of Litchfield County, Connecticut, where his father, Holbrook Curtis, was Circuit Court Judge for many years. He came to New York early in life, and rose rapidly in his profession. He was an able lawyer, and at one time was in partnership with James S. Stearns, with whom his son, William E. Curtis, Jun., is now associated. Judge Curtis was a member of the Board of Education from 1858 to 1864, being president of the board during the last four years of his term. He was also president of the Bar Association in 1871. He was a Democrat in politics, and in 1871 was the nominee of the Anti-Tammany Democrats, the Republicans, and the Committee of Seventy for a seat on the Superior Court bench in this city. He was elected by over 22,000 majority at the November election in 1871, and two or three years ago he became Chief Justice of the court. Judge Curtis was about fifty-eight years of age.

—The Rev. Barnes Sears, D.D., LL.D., who died at Saratoga Springs on the 6th inst., was a man of considerable note among the Baptists. After holding several positions of prominence in literary institutions, among them the Presidency of Brown University from 1855 to 1867, he accepted the agency of the Peabody education fund. He was partly moved to this change by considerations of his health, and took up his residence in Staunton, Virginia. In this position he rendered high and acceptable service to the region endowed by the munificence of George Peabody, aiding feeble schools, and establishing new ones, shedding the light of science and learning in the dark and destitute communities that had been desolated by the war, and encouraging the people to an appreciation of the blessings of education.

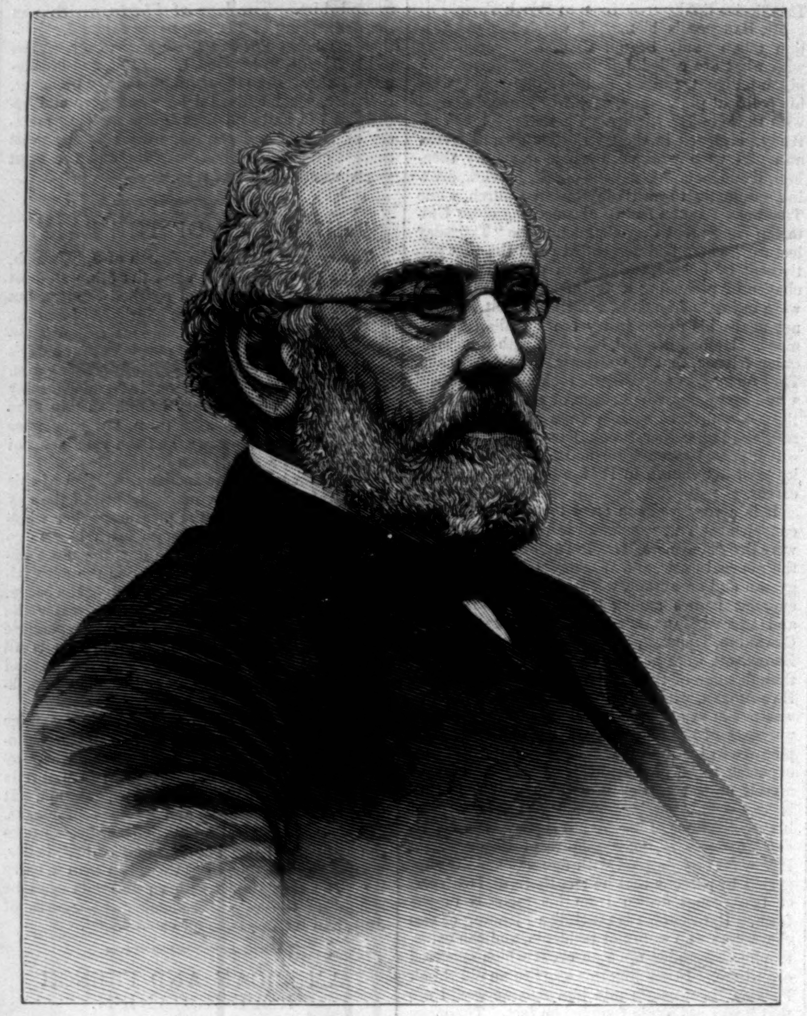
—Mr. P. T. Barnum celebrated his seventieth birthday in Bridgeport on the 5th inst. Many old citizens were present, and there were speeches and a clam-bake. Congratulatory letters from Mr. Thurlow Weed and others were read.

—Colonel W. T. Pelton, nephew of Samuel J. Tilden, died at the Everett House, in this city, on the 8th inst. He was born at Ithaca, New York, in 1838. He received his education at Williams College, but did not graduate. He became a great favorite with Mr. Tilden, and was made Military Secretary when that gentleman was elected Governor of New York. Later he took charge of Mr. Tilden's interests in the New York Elevated Railway, being elected first vice-president. He resigned this position when Mr. Tilden sold the bulk of his stock. The history of Colonel Pelton's connection with Mr. Tilden's campaign for the Presidency, after Mr. Hayes had been elected in November, 1876, is well known. Two years ago he lost his wife, who is spoken of as an accomplished woman, and he has been in delicate health ever since. His friends say that grief for his wife's death was the cause of his own illness.

—The late Hon. D. Waldo Lincoln, of Worcester, Massachusetts, for a long time president of the Boston and Albany Railroad, was a man of high character, sound judgment, and remarkable executive talent. He was from early manhood identified with the railroad interests of Massachusetts, and made himself thoroughly familiar with railroad problems in all their relations to the public, to governments, to stockholders, and to travellers. During the war he stood with the friends of the Union, and while Mayor of Worcester, in 1863 and 1864, his services to the national cause were of great value.

—Carlyle recently asked a question of a butcher, who ignored what the great man said, and went on talking to a trader about quarters and hides and weight on the hoof. A gentleman stepped up to the butcher and said, "It is Thomas Carlyle who is talking to you." "And, confound him!" said he, "doesn't he see that I am talking to a butcher?"

—Among the victims of the *Seawanhaka* disaster there was none more widely known and universally respected than the venerable Dr. Jacob W. Diller, the late rector of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, in Brooklyn, Long Island. The Rev. J. W. Diller, D.D., had been rector of the same parish for more than thirty-nine years, when the threatening of paralysis compelled him to retire from active duty on the first day of the present year. It is a consolation for his family and friends to know that although his body was almost wholly consumed, his death was caused by the paralysis which had so long threatened him, and that he was unconscious of the flames as they singed his flowing gray hair and beard. The funeral was perhaps the largest, and certainly the most impressive, that ever took place in Brooklyn. Forty four priests in their surplices, with the Bishop of Long Island at their head, took part in the services, during which there were no dry eyes in the church, filled to its utmost capacity. The poor of Brooklyn, of every nationality and denomination, have lost their best friend, and the Church of which he was a member has lost its brightest exemplar of unostentatious piety and pure Christian benevolence.



GEORGE RIPLEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES K. BILL.—[SEE PAGE 467.]

CAPTAIN CHARLES P. SMITH.

THE thrilling story of the heroic captain of the *Seawanhaka*, who stood bravely at the wheel, wrapped in flames, until his work was done, has been read in every household in the land, and has taken its place in the chronicles as among the greatest deeds of daring done by men. Few, even of the most courageous, would have faced a fate so terrible as that of being roasted alive. And yet with the almost certainty of such a death before him he never flinched, but remained in his burning cage until the fire had scorched his face and blistered his arms and shoulders. When at last his boat was safely beached he sprang, all ablaze, into the water below, and at the same instant the wheel-house crumbled and fell in ruins behind him. He was barely able to drag his exhausted body through the mud to the shore, and when found there he was utterly exhausted and quite unconscious.

To those who knew him well as a boatman, the gallant conduct of Captain SMITH was not a surprise. An intimate associate and friend of thirty years—Captain POST, of Glen Cove—gave an interesting account of his career to a reporter of the New York *Sun*. "CHARLEY," said he, "has been used to the water since he was big enough to dig clams and catch horse-feet. He knows the East River, top and bottom of it, and has piloted all manner of craft through it. He has run sail-boats, sloops, schooners, and ferry-boats, and all kinds of boats, big and little. His father was a boatman on the south side of the island, and went to Roslyn about the time CHARLEY was born—say fifty years ago—to sail a sloop for WILLIAM HICKS. CHARLEY was brought up on the water. When he was only eighteen years old he piloted the sloop *Martha Ann*. Next he had charge of the sloop *Mary Kirby*, when he was about twenty years old. Then his father built another sloop, called the *Ruth T. Hicks*, and CHARLEY piloted her. He has been familiar with the Sound and the East River from boyhood. That's how he knew just where to beach the *Seawanhaka*. He could not have picked out a better spot. Then CHARLEY thought he would like to be a pilot on a ferry-boat, and Mr. HAVEMEYER gave him a position on the Grand Street ferry to Williamsburg. Next, through my influence and that of others, he got appointed pilot on the Fulton Ferry. But he joined the famous strike of the Fulton Ferry pilots about twenty years ago, and lost his place. He has two brothers who are now pilots on the Fulton Ferry. You see it's a family of pilots. His next place was as pilot of the tug-boat *J. S. Underhill*. When Mr. SOMERINDYKE ran the steamboat *Long Island*, CHARLEY SMITH was the pilot. In 1857 the boat ran on Execution Rock, or Success Rock, at Sands Point, but all of the 400 passengers got off safely, as it was broad daylight, and the pilot was not blamed. The boat sustained little damage, and Mr. SOMERINDYKE kept him on. In 1861 or 1862, when I had charge of the big steamboat *Arrowsmith*, which was chartered to carry troops, I took CHARLEY with me as pilot. I always had confidence in him as a man who would do the right thing in an emergency. He had a cool head and a steady hand. He was a man who could take a long watch when wanted.

"When the Long Island North Shore Freight and Transportation Company was formed, and the *Jesse Hoyt* was put on the Glen Cove line, CHARLEY SMITH was given the place of pilot. I thought he was the best man we could get. He knew his business, was a sober, steady man, and a reliable man when there was trouble. I have never known him to take a glass of liquor. When the company built the *Seawanhaka*, in 1866, Captain SMITH was put in charge of her as pilot, and he has been there ever since. He was promoted to be captain about four years ago, when I left her. I have seen him many times in dangerous places with boats, and no matter how heavy the storm or how dense the fog, he could manage a boat well.

"He is married, and has three children, and lives very comfortably in Brooklyn. One of his brothers was lost in a schooner that went to Georgia for a load of lumber, and was never heard of afterward."

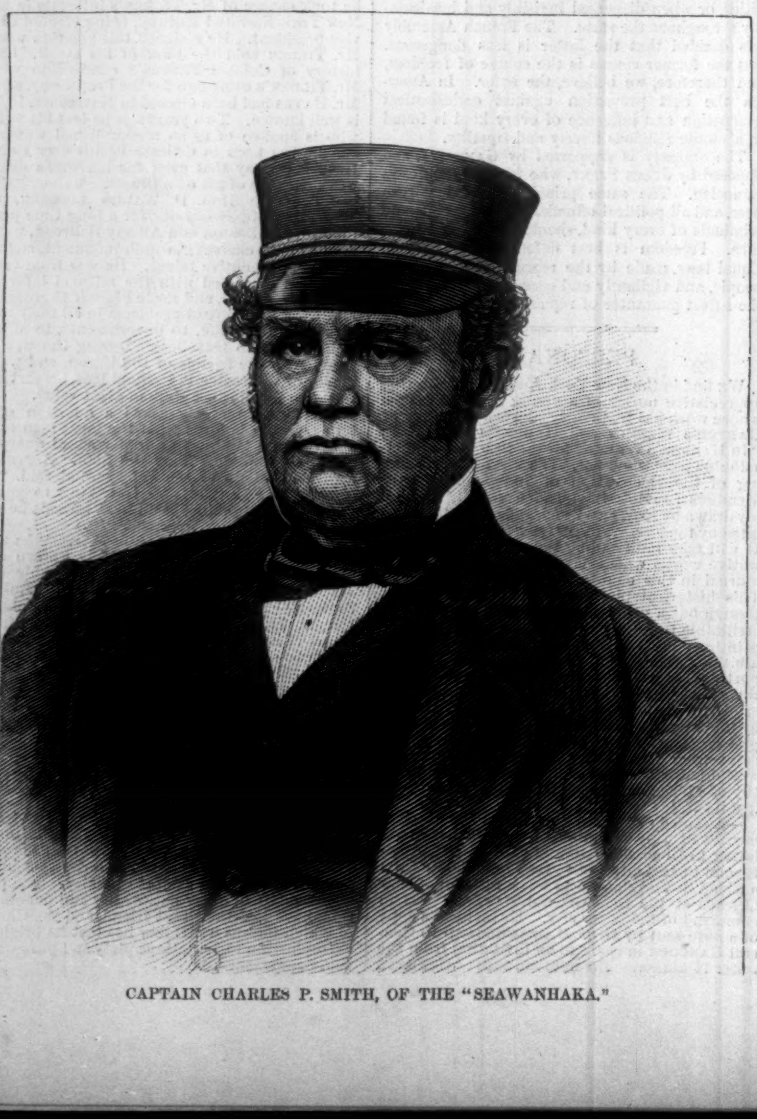
A purse of money is being raised in this city to be distributed among the officers and crew of the *Seawanhaka*, including the captain, in grateful recognition of their valuable services. The sum already amounts to $3500, and will doubtless be largely increased.

MOORISH FANATICISM.

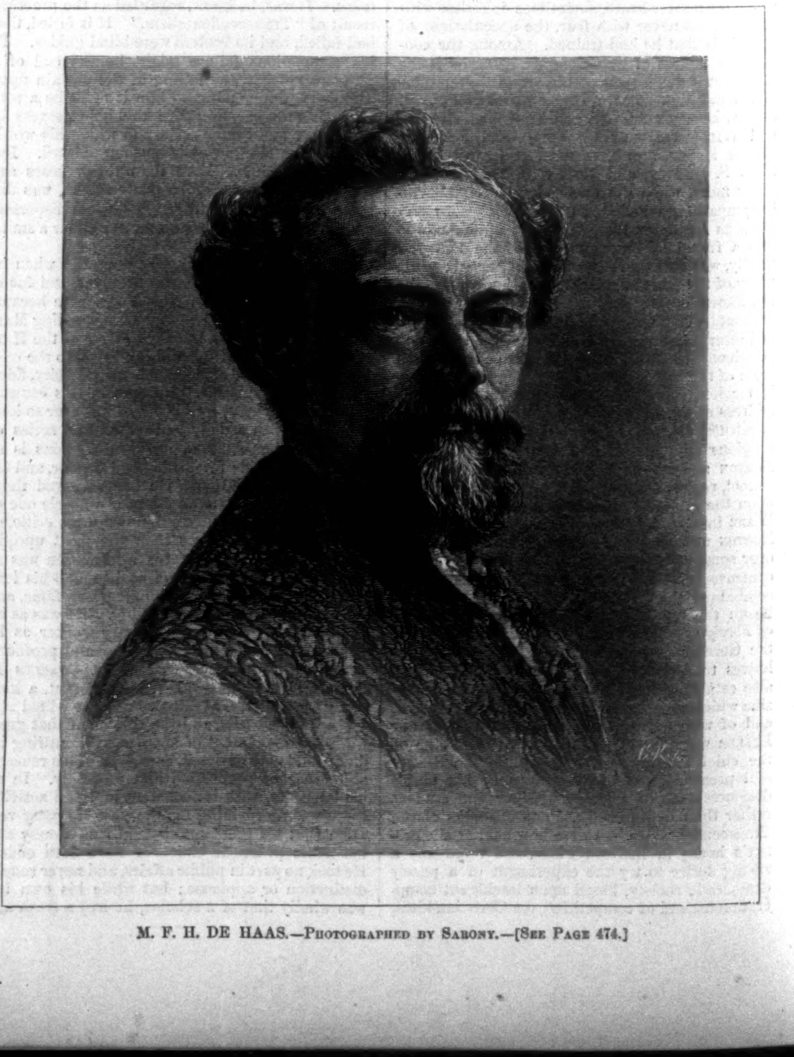
IT is fanaticism that makes Morocco inaccessible—fanaticism, and partly, perhaps, the lingering traditions of the wars between the Spanish Moors and the Christians. The Moors who were beggared and expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella from the land they had conquered and turned into a garden—the Moriscoes who were persecuted, maddened, proscribed, and banished by the truculent bigotry of Philip the Second—are said to have carried the keys of their Spanish houses with them, and bequeathed them to their posterity with a legacy of hate. It is said, too, that those keys are treasured still against that return of the Moors to Europe, which for long was a living article of belief with them. It is probable that, as matter of fact, they have renounced all ideas of the kind: it is certain that the great mass of the nation must be as ignorant of their own history as of everything else. Still, and all the more because of the crossing with the Berber strain, they come of a race which are known to be inveterate haters; and vague impressions of ancient wrongs may deepen their pious detestation of the Christian.

There are other countries, no doubt, that fanaticism seals to the stranger, although the number is steadily diminishing before the advances of commercial enterprise. You may ride through the length and breadth of Japan without the risk of being hacked to pieces by the retainers of the daimios, as would have been a matter of course no great number of years ago. You may venture under Russian protection into the Tartar khanates, which are infamous in the records of the geographical societies for their associations with the martyrs of travel. But in Thibet, for example, and the remoter provinces of the Celestial Empire, the prohibitions on foreign intrusion still subsist in full force, and you have always the fear before your eyes of being subject to all the refinements of torture that those ingenious Orientals have perfected into a fine art; while in New Guinea, and some of the island groups in the South Seas, you might be served as the *pièce de résistance* at a grand cannibal feast. All that is in accordance with immemorial custom and the spirit of constitutions that have been sanctified by time; but the case of the Moors is altogether different. Low as they have fallen in the course of centuries, in their isolation and the fungus growth of their ignorance and prejudices, they are the lineal descendents of a chivalrous race, who were far in advance of the Christians around them. There they are living on the immediate confines of the happy community of European nations, who, though they may settle differences by fighting from time to time, have subscribed, nevertheless, to international understandings.

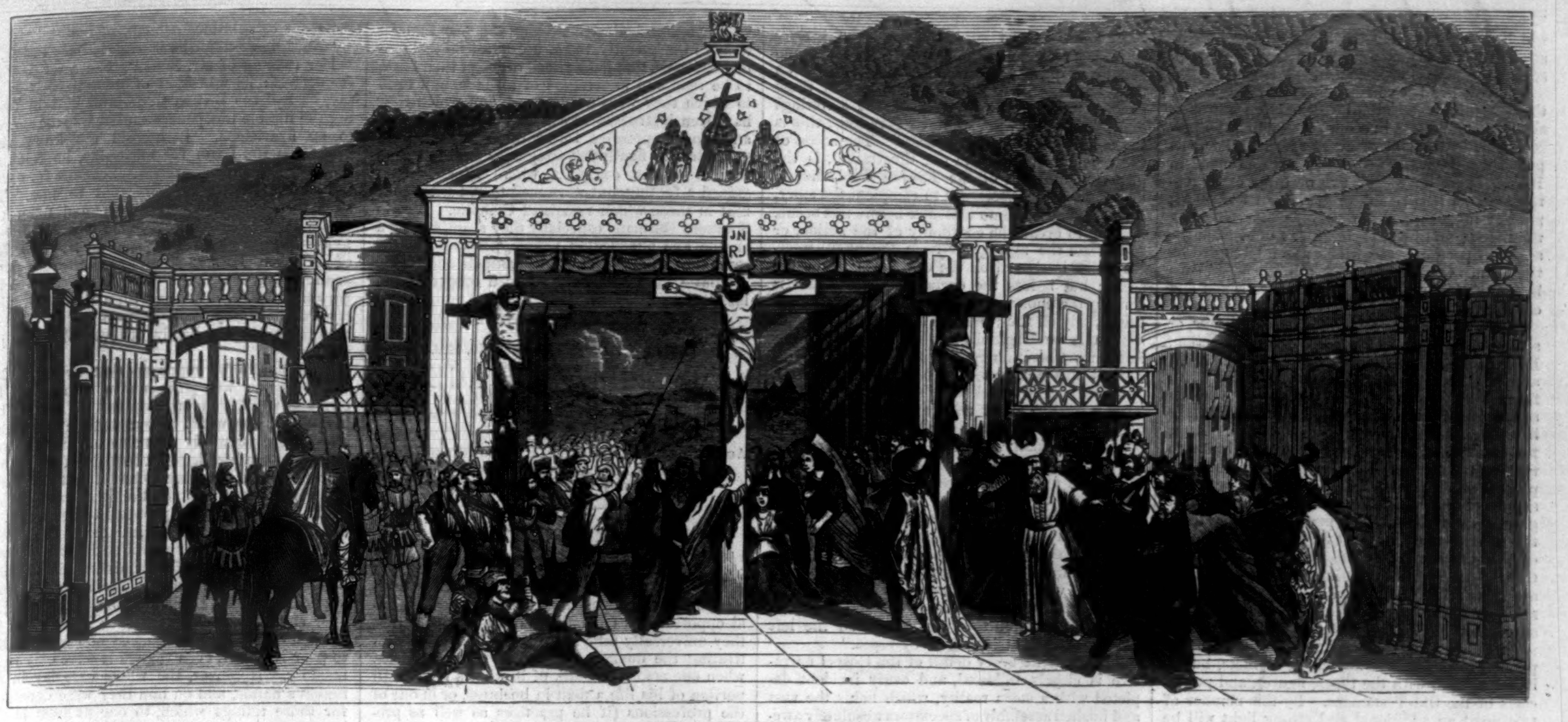
There seems to be no obvious reason, on the face of things, why Morocco should not be as amenable to the benevolent influences of the rival commercial powers as any other of the states of Africa, from Tunis or Egypt down to Zanzibar. It lies under the guns of Gibraltar and Ceuta: it is exposed along the length of an extended seaboard, where cruisers coming to anchor in favorable weather might knock the miserable ramparts of mud about the ears of defenders who have a horror of cannon. It "marches" with the French military colony of Algeria on the one side, while at the opposite corner its light-house on Cape Spartel, tended probably by a trio of retired British quartermasters, is the landmark for the fleets of European shipping that follow the South African trade routes. It has no strength for organized resistance were it assailed or resolutely carried. The Sultan's irregular cavalry is irregular indeed, and his infantry is a mixed mob of tatterdemalions. But international jealousies assure the neutrality of the country and the sanctity of its abuses; and though the English Minister has much to say with the Sultan, it is as well, perhaps, that—thanks to his residence being at Tangiers—he may appear to close his eyes to the atrocities it would be altogether beyond his power to prevent.



CAPTAIN CHARLES P. SMITH, OF THE "SEAWANHAKA."



M. F. H. DE HAAS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 474.]



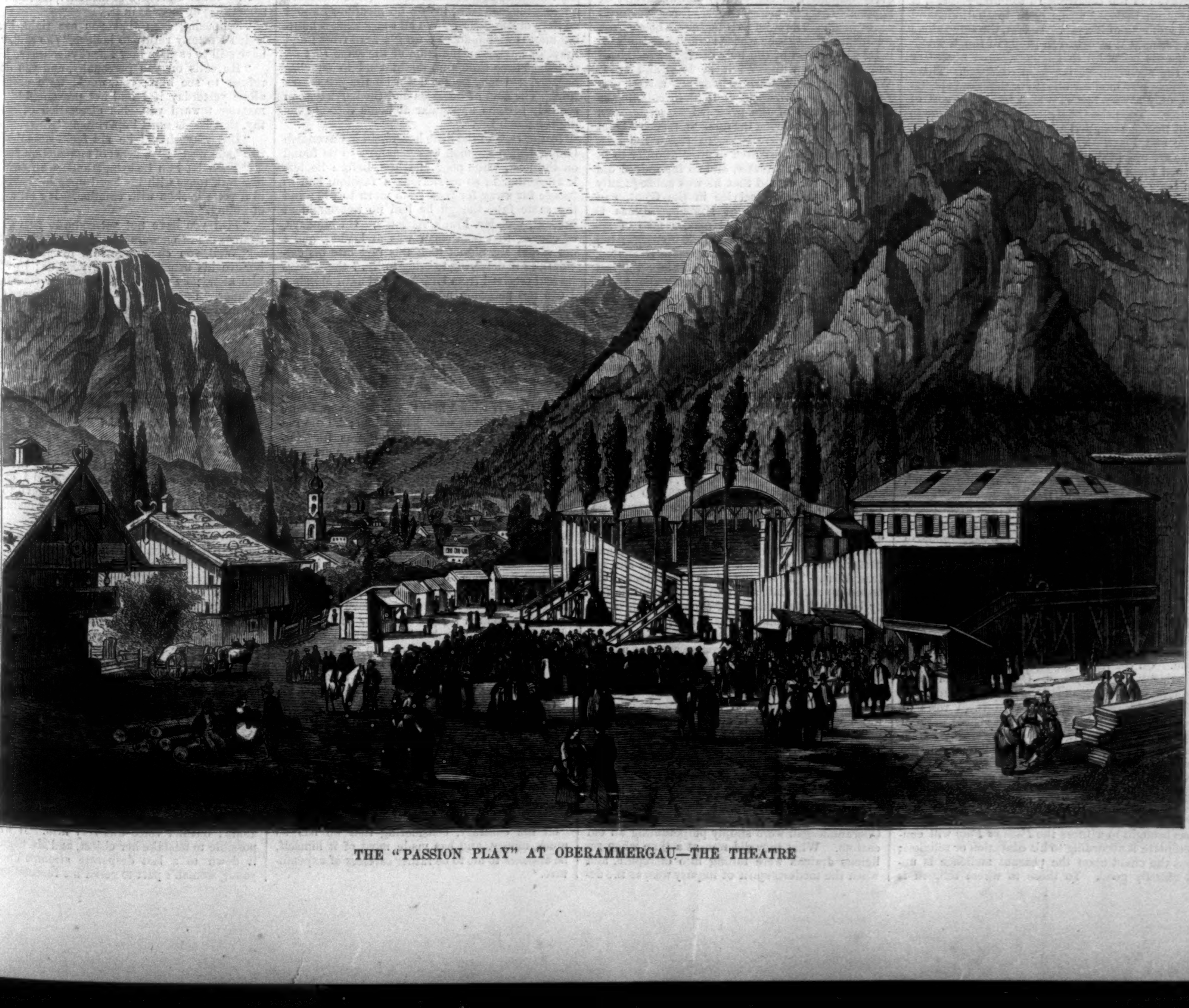
THE CRUCIFIXION SCENE.

THE "PASSION PLAY."

UNTIL within a few years the little village of Oberammergau, lying scattered in the broad valley of the Amber, was as unknown to fame as any other small hamlet of the Bavarian Highlands. Few persons outside of Germany had perhaps heard its name until the publication of a book by Miss ANNA HOWITT, in which she describes a visit paid to the *Passionspiel* of 1850. Nor do we hear much of it again until the year 1870, when all at once, as it seemed, a tide of fashion, artistic and æsthetic, flowed out from the shores of America and England toward it; and the modest, unpretending mountain village awoke one morning, much to its surprise, to find itself for a brief season the objective point of the world's gaze. Princes and nobles, wise and foolish, learned and fashionable, all flocked from far and near to see this new wonder, which, after all, had in it no element of newness either in subject-matter or in treatment, but was simply a reverent and old-fashioned presentment of the great drama most familiar to Christian men of all ages.

However much an object of frivolous curiosity the *Passionspiel* may be to the tourist who goes to Oberammergau in search of novelty and amusement, to the peasants of Bavaria it is an act of worship. In manner the performers are so quiet and modest and unassuming that it is difficult to realize that they are actors. The native audience, who are in complete harmony with the spirit of the scene, attend as they would a great and solemn ceremonial of the Church. Men, women, and children, in the quaint and pleasing varieties of costume of the country, half Swiss, half Tyrolean, are there, all in their Sunday best; the men, for the most part, with velvet jackets displaying a variety of old silver coins as buttons, and with high green felt hats ornamented with a black-cock's feather; the women with short skirts, broadly extended at the hips over hoops, with velvet bodices adorned with many chains and buttons of chased and beaten silver, and gay colored neckerchiefs and huge aprons; their heads covered, sometimes with a twisted turban-like kerchief, with embroidered ends hanging down the back, sometimes with an approach to a Swiss straw hat, sometimes with a high conical green felt "brigand," twisted about with a gold cord and tassels, and sometimes—and this is perhaps as curious a head-dress as any—with the moleskin cap, which is the distinctive mark of certain villages in the district. On their way to the theatre these peasant play-goers will be seen piously telling their beads and reciting their prayers, as if in preparation for the solemn scenes at which they are to assist.

The history of the *Passion Play*, or rather of its decennial repetition, is soon told. Nearly two hundred years ago, at the time when the long Thirty Years' War was devastating Germany, a severe attack of plague broke out in the villages and valleys of the Bavarian Tyrol. Partenkirchen, Mittelwald, and, indeed, all the larger towns, were devastated by it. The little secluded village of Oberammergau was, however, exempt from the visitation, and in order to remain safe from its infection, the village authorities drew a cordon about the hamlet—already protected by nature by its circle of mountains—and forbade any one of the inhabitants to pass from the happy valley into the perilous outer world. The conditions, of course, included that none should penetrate from the plague-stricken region into the charmed circle thus held exempt. Perhaps, however, it never occurred to modest little Oberammergau that any attractions within it would tempt strangers to break through the dividing barrier. But, as it happened, a native of the village who had for some time been working at Eschenlohe, a hamlet at the foot of the Ettalberg, where the plague was raging furiously, was seized with a sudden homesickness, and unknown to any one returned, finding his way by night over the mountains. Three days later he lay dead of the terrible disease, and no less than forty of his fellow-villagers succumbed to the same cause. In their agony of terror it occurred to the good people of Oberammergau that a pious vow might possibly propitiate Heaven, and turn its vengeance from their hearths and homes. They then and there in solemn assembly consulted as to what would probably be most efficacious, that is to say, pleasing to the Almighty, and finally it was resolved to represent "once in ten years forever" a play



THE "PASSION PLAY" AT OBERAMMERGAU—THE THEATRE which should set forth the life, death, and mediation of the Redeemer. From that time, it is asserted, the plague was staid in the village.

The vow has been kept strictly and religiously, the decennial connection being only once broken since 1634, and this in order to establish the performance at the end of every decade. For this purpose a fresh start, so to speak, was made in 1680. There have been two or three extra representations between the intervals of ten years; notably in 1815, for the purpose of celebrating the peace; and in 1871, in order to conclude the series of performances which was interrupted by the Franco-German war. For these special celebrations permission was in each case asked and obtained of the Pope.

The *Passion Play* consists of eighteen acts, or scenes, together with a prologue, or introduction. Each of the acts, or scenes, is complete in itself, and is prefaced by one or more tableaux taken from Old Testament incidents, each one having some special reference to the portion of Christ's life which is afterward to be represented. Thus, for example, the jealousy of Joseph's brethren typifies the jealous anger of the Pharisees and priests at Christ's teaching and conduct; the supply of manna in the desert and the spoil of grapes from the land of promise shadow forth the sacrament of the Last Supper; the patience of the patriarch Job, the patient suffering of Christ; the sacrifice of Isaac, the crucifixion, and so on. To quote from the text of Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger, who, during the ten years succeeding 1840, revised the *Passion Play*, "Our main object is to represent the story of Christ's passion not by a mere statement of facts, but in its connection with the types, figures, and prophecies of the Old Testament. By this manner of treatment an additional and strong light will be cast upon the sacred narrative, and thoughtful spectators will be able to realize that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, made man for our salvation, is the central figure of the inspired volumes; that all the personages of the Old Testament, and whatever is recorded in Scripture, have an avowed reference to Him who is yesterday, to-day, and forever."

In order that the spectators may understand the meaning of the living pictures of the *Passion Play* and their connection with the scenes of the acted tragedy, a chorus is introduced, with duties similar to those of the chorus in the classic Greek plays. Their part is to explain and make intelligible the action of the drama, and to engage in a kind of running commentary upon it, which is presented for the most part in a musical form in a series of very beautiful vocal pieces, all composed by Rochus Dedler, at one time the village school-master, and sung with true musical taste and intonation. In the classic drama the commenting chorus were accustomed to occupy the place now taken up by the orchestra. The Oberammergau chorus occupy a place on the proscenium, dividing and retiring right and left during the action of the drama.

In many ways the idea of the classic stage is preserved in the theatre. In the first place, it is simply an inclosed space open to the light and wind and rain of heaven. In fact, the stage alone is a permanent structure, a range of rough wooden boards being all that is considered necessary for the seclusion of the allotted space. There are seats provided for about six thousand spectators, only a very few of which have any sort of shelter. The prices of the seats vary from one to eight marks each, and are of two denominations, Loge and Platz. The seats under the head of Loge are provided with sloping backs, while those termed Platz are simply benches. The prices of the Loge seats are eight, six, and five marks respectively, according to position. They commence about the centre of the auditorium, and are carried back to the wall, occupying about one-third of the width. Below the Loge stalls comes Platz I., price four marks, occupying the same position across the theatre, but nearer the stage. On either side of these is Platz II., occupying both wings of the auditorium, price three marks. This part of the theatre is roofed in. The space between these covered seats and the stage is occupied in the centre by Platz III., price two marks; and on each side by Platz IV., price one mark.

The stage, which is 127 feet broad and 85 feet deep, is arranged very much after the ancient Greek method, except that the centre space is hidden, when required, by a curtain. This central portion constitutes the stage proper, and is used for the tableaux, and for those scenes which require stage arrangement. The foreground of the proscenium—some twenty feet deep, and the whole width of the theatre—is neutral ground, occupied alternately by the chorus and players. It is used for all the scenes in which great masses of people congregate, such as the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem, the assemblage of the rabble before the house of Pilate, and the bearing of the cross to Golgotha. In some of these scenes there are as many as three hundred persons upon the stage at one time. To the right of the curtained portion, or stage proper, is the house of Pilate, with a windowed balcony, the old classical notion being retained that persons of rank and dignity should speak from an elevation. On the left is another similar house, with a balcony, that of Annas. On each side of these houses are wide gateways, which open into the city of Jerusalem, and through them rows of houses and alleys and streets are visible. From the gateway at the right emerge the crowds which accompany the Christ in his triumph; from the left comes the sad procession to Golgotha. On each side of the proscenium are narrow recesses into which the chorus retire during the action of the play.

The ordinary tourist or visitor whom curiosity has brought to witness the *Passion Play* will contemplate it according to his education or religion; but the effect upon the peasant audience is undoubtedly good. To those to whom religion is taught by outward impressions it is a picture speaking to them, in a language they can understand, of a religion already imprinted on their hearts. To use the words of one of these people, "Of all the pictures of the sufferings and passion of Christ we have ever seen, this is the most beautiful and the best." The scene of the crucifixion, shown in our illustration, is the grand culmination of the *Passion Play*, though one or two acts, necessary to complete the story, follow. There are no tableaux before this scene, nothing to break the continuity of the action, or to distract the rapt gazer from the awful interest which is riveted on the central figure of the scene; but before the curtain rises, a hymn is sung by the chorus, dressed in black, and through the melody of the song the discordant sound of a hammer striking nails into wood is heard. Visitors to Oberammergau have frequently described this act, but few so graphically as Mr. Seguin. "The crucifixion scene," he tells us, "has a terrible air of reality about it. It is difficult to believe that the body of the crucified one is not actually nailed to the cross. The only visible rest is a small block beneath one foot, and the strain upon the nerves and muscles of the personator of Christ must be and is acknowledged to be severe. The body of the personator—we feel a kind of objection to calling him actor—is covered with a tight-fitting, flesh-colored garment, and beneath this there are bands which bear the weight of it; but no trace of this is visible, and the effect is startling. The two thieves crucified on the right hand and the left are fastened to their crosses by ropes."

In this scene every detail of the Gospel narrative is closely followed, and every incident depicted with a stern reality, which holds the vast and hushed assembly of spectators absolutely awe-struck, the deep silence being broken only now and again by sobs, which come not only from weak and tender-hearted women, but from men who are not ashamed to shed tears over the unexampled sufferings of Christ. When the protracted agony is over, the words "It is finished" spoken, and a crash of thunder resounds, as it seems, over the heads of the multitude, the climax of the tragedy is reached. The scene lasts usually from fifteen to twenty minutes. The descent from the cross is one of the most artistic portions of the drama. The nails have the appearance of being wrenched with violence from the hands and feet, and not the closest scrutiny can detect the means by which they are attached. In the grouping, Rubens's famous picture is very closely followed, and the whole effect is wonderfully real. For artistic effect, it is undoubtedly a pity that the drama should not end here, since the two succeeding acts have something the appearance of a post-climax, and are, besides, beyond the scope of possible adequate rendering; but for the completion of the Gospel story, and the development of the great scheme of man's redemption, they are, of course, needful.

The representations of the *Passion Play* for this year began on May 17, and will be continued every Sunday and saint's day until the end of September, there being twenty-three performances in all. The chief part has again been taken by Joseph Maier—he whose reverent and powerful assumption of the holy character delighted so many who witnessed it in 1870 and 1871. When the Franco-German war put a stop perforce to the performances of 1870, by claiming as soldiers several of the principal actors, Joseph Maier, who was among the number, received from the king special permission to retain the long hair, which he had allowed to grow in order to fit his face for the character, and so far indeed did the royal favor extend that he was subsequently relieved from actual service in the front, and kept to garrison duty at Munich. Judas is again acted by Gregor Lechner, a man of active intelligence and true dramatic instincts; but the greater number of characters are re-alloted, the nine years which have passed since the last representation having worked many changes in the circle.

The preparations of the *Passion Play* begin early. A committee, composed of forty-five householders, including the parish priest, decides upon the allotment of the various parts at the end of the year preceding that of the representations, and from that time rehearsals begin and are continually carried on, very often on week-day evenings, and always on Sundays. This year the stage and scenery have been entirely repainted, and the greater part of the auditorium is new. The dresses for the play were designed by the director of stage appointments at the Royal Theatre at Munich. The total outlay of money, including the necessary properties, has been 68,000 marks. The play begins at eight in the morning, and lasts until after five in the afternoon, with an interval of about an hour in the middle of the day, at the close of the seventh act, when the audience and performers alike take a needful repose and refreshment. The fatigue of so many hours' exposure to sun, wind, and rain can not but be felt by both, and the tension of excitement throughout the whole drama is very severe.

In regard to the reverence and propriety of the *Passion Play*, there are, of course, various minds. There are many who condemn it, others find it laudable, while a vast number take the middle course, and are undecided as to their opinions. It is probable that by far the greater number of those who denounce it argue theoretically, and have not been witnesses of what they are judging—have not lived among the people, the simple and actual expression of whose piety takes this unusual form. It should be remembered that the peasants of Bavaria are not what we call a progressive people. In establishing their drama of the life and death of our Lord, the villagers of Oberammergau were simply perpetuating an old custom. What they did was, at a time when religious dramas were falling into disrepute, and when the modern spirit of inquiry was, as the devout peasants believed, shaking the very foundations of Christianity, to set up, on a firm and permanent basis, that public declaration of their faith, to be read and understood of all men, in a form to which they were accustomed, and which they had been instructed to consider one of the best and most expressive forms of devotion. Religious dramas finally fell altogether out of use and respect in the countries where Protestantism gained a footing, but were maintained with some zeal in those which remained Catholic. And in Southern Germany especially they seem, among a simple and uneducated people, possessed at the same time of strong religious instincts and strong dramatic feeling, to have found a congenial and lasting home.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE LADIES.

Rich men who can afford to neglect their business, or idle men who have none, have exceptional opportunities (though it does not appear that they universally take advantage of them) of cultivating the domestic affections. It is curious, when one comes to think of it, what a very small portion of his life a man in business, or in one of the professions (if he practices as well as professes) passes in the society of his wife and children. He sees them at breakfast-time, and that is in many cases absolutely the only time that he sets eyes upon his little ones, for he does not come home to his late dinner till they are gone to bed. In the case of his grown-up progeny he dines and spends the evening with them—and, except on Sundays, that is all the intercourse between them. A vast deal more of his time—that is, of his life—is spent with Tom, Dick, and Harry in the Law Courts, or, I regret to add, during his afternoon rubbers at the club, than in the society of his nearest and dearest.

Tom and Dick are scarcely aware, perhaps, that he *is* married; and, on the other hand, his family are not much interested in Tom and Dick. He passes, in fact, two separate existences, though we are in the habit of speaking and thinking of him as if he had but one. Nature, I think, is kind in this matter, or one would fear that the absent Paterfamilias would be looked upon by his offspring more as a mere Breadwinner, and less as a Father, than is the case with the male parent who can afford to stop at home and cultivate the home affections. The stay-at-home, however, fortunately doesn't always cultivate them. I have known families who complain that dear papa has no occupation of his own, and therefore worries himself (*i. e.*, insists on meddling) about matters of the house. We all know what a hunting man is within-doors during a hard frost; and think of having an infliction of the same sort *always!* These things no doubt tend to equalize matters, and may be set down on the *per contra* side. The man of business and the barrister can scarcely become unpopular at home through being too much there.

In the case of the little household in Cavendish Grove, Uncle Stephen was generally to be found on the nest, while poor Matthew, before he left it altogether in so mysterious a fashion, had to forage far away for food from morn to eve; and the same fate, though he had no household at present, was Mr. Frank Barlow's. On Sundays, of course, that gentleman was at leisure, and I am afraid Mr. Signet took this fact into his calculations in deferring to bring to No. 7 the tidings he had received from Miss Selwood until Monday. I can not persuade myself that it was sheer respect for the Sabbath, when he had passed its morning in interviewing that young lady, and its afternoon in literary composition.

He called about eleven o'clock, when all really hard-working lawyers have been in their cobwebs for an hour, and most of them have caught a fly or two, and asked boldly for Miss Thurlow. He was shown into the dining-room, where that young lady at once joined him; he did not perhaps quite understand that it was for Matthew's sake she could not afford to lose a moment, but set down her promptness to a motive more complimentary to himself. Her welcome, however, though perfectly genuine—for how could she be otherwise than eager to hear his news?—was far from demonstrative. She did not return the pressure of his hand, and looked so grave in answer to his "My *dear* Miss Thurlow," and the sympathetic manner which accompanied it, that one less conscious of his own merits, and of the happiness he proposed to confer, might have imagined that she designed to reprove him. She had cause enough for gravity, poor soul, as they all had in that house, but her air was designedly more distant than it had been on the last occasion. This was because she had assured Mr. Barlow that nothing should induce her to alter her behavior to Mr. Signet.

On the previous day they had had a long discussion about him, in the course of which Mr. Barlow had said some hard things of the worthy jeweller. He had called him a self-seeking, coarse-grained, grasping fellow, who—notwithstanding any pretensions he might make to good feeling—had nothing in view but his own ends.

"I don't think he is grasping," Amy had rejoined, without any reference to the other charges; "on the contrary, considering that he has so much money, and has made most of it himself, he appears to me to be rather careless of expenditure."

"He is ostentatious enough, no doubt."

"No, I don't think he is ostentatious, Frank."

Her reading of Mr. Signet's character was so far correct: he was fond of money—that is to say, he had the British trader's delight in turning the nimble ninepence—but he was too shrewd to be avaricious. If he did not know that *miser* was the Latin for miserable, he felt that they were synonymous terms. Schemes for scraping and saving were abhorrent to him. He gave employés excellent wages, and upon the whole they liked him. And he treated himself to anything to which he took a fancy, regardless of its price. He was about to measure his purse against Lady Pargiter's quite as much from his personal dislike of her as with a view of evading his responsibility with respect to the jewels, though, indeed, he firmly believed she had got them.

It is not to be supposed that, even yet, Mr. Frank Barlow was jealous of a man double his own age, and little more than half his height; but his pretensions, which he by this time well understood, were naturally offensive to him. It was, indeed, to the last degree impudent of the man to entertain them, knowing as he did that Miss Thurlow was engaged; but, on the other hand, he had never made any actual proposal to her, and if he did, Amy had an all-sufficient answer to it.

Under other circumstances, no doubt, she would have taken measures for dismissing him at once: but it seemed monstrous to her, after that communication of Mr. Durham's to him, that the jeweller should still entertain such hopes; and his aid and countenance were just now so necessary to poor Matthew, even though it were only to his memory. Moreover, the whole case lay in Mr. Signet's hands, and on him they were dependent for those tidings which, to one at least in that household, had become the only thing to which her ears were open.

"I will not make an enemy of Mr. Signet, if I can help it," Amy had said; not with vehemence, for she showed no sign of "temper," but with a resolution that not even a lover's remonstrance could shake.

"I don't ask you to be rude to him," returned Mr. Barlow, rather weakly, for he himself was a good deal "put out"; "but you ought not to encourage him."

"Encourage him, Frank?"

There was an indignation in her eyes as well her tone which should have made the young lawyer repent having used so strong a term; but he prided himself on never making any allegation without proofs—nor even then if it was actionable.

"You are wearing the ring he gave you on your finger, Amy," he said. "You are well aware that at one time he had the intention of proposing to you—yes, you are; if you could not gather it from his own conduct to yourself, his behavior, when poor Matthew told him you were engaged to me, put that beyond a doubt. And being purse-proud, and not a gentleman, nor anything like it, he still thinks he has a chance."

Amy made a gesture of disbelief, that had also something of disgust in it.

"Supposing even that you are right, Frank, which I utterly refuse to believe," she said, "you have still to explain how I have encouraged him."

"He calls on you personally, and you do not refuse to see him: you would have seen him alone yesterday if I had not prevented it. His manner toward you—his affectation of sympathy, that is—is most impertinent."

"But why should he not feel sympathy with us?" she urged: "a heart of stone might feel it."

"Then let him be sympathetic with *me*. Let him talk to *me* with his hand upon his heart, and in a voice broken with emotion. It's all a piece of acting."

"Still you have not yet come to your charge against me of encouraging him."

"Well, you encourage him by pretending to believe his sympathy to be genuine; by seeing him alone; by talking to him in a confidential manner. I should wish—if it is necessary to see the man at all—that your manner to him should be altered."

"My dear Frank," said Amy, speaking very gently, "I must see Mr. Signet when he comes, because he is the bearer of tidings which have a vital interest for me; to please you—though I think it cruel and unjust of you to entertain such suspicions of him under the circumstances in which my poor sister and I are placed; any man with a heart would as soon think of making love over a death-bed—to please you, I will not see Mr. Signet alone; but he has been on the whole both kind and considerate to us, and I can not make him the ill return of being uncivil to him. I see nothing to find fault with in my manner toward him, and I shall maintain it."

And that was why she was so cold and grave to Mr. Signet when he called the next day.

That gentleman, however, put this down as a consequence of the domestic calamity, which each hour, of course, was rendering more deep and hopeless.

"And how is your poor sister, Miss Thurlow?"

"Her state is most distressing; but on hearing you were here, she at once expressed a wish to see you. Will you kindly come with me?" and she moved toward the door, which at her entrance she had not closed behind her.

"Well, I wanted to say a few words to you first, and alone. I have the strangest news to communicate to you concerning Lady Pargiter."

"That will interest my sister, Mr. Signet, equally with myself. Be good enough to step this way."

Her face was flushed with the recollection of her promise to Frank; that is, of the reason why she was declining to let Mr. Signet speak with her alone; but her voice was very firm. It was impossible to mistake her object, and Mr. Signet set it down to a last desperate attempt upon the young woman's part to resist his fascinations. A struggle of this kind was, under the circumstances, only to have been expected: there were certain ties to be sundered; he did not like her the less for not dropping into his hands like a ripe peach. Moreover, he found it necessary to obey her, and followed her at once into the parlor, where Sabey was sitting, fronting the window, as usual, with some baby-clothes upon her lap. It was curious, and very sad, to see the change those few days of misery had wrought in her. Her figure, always slight, had become almost emaciated. Her youth was gone, its brightness and buoyancy exchanged for a certain haggard keenness—such as is generally to be seen only in the vicious and the degraded; only her eyes redeemed her from any such associations. Naturally large, they had now attained abnormal dimensions, or perhaps the shrinking of the face made it appear so, while the expression of them was pitiful to the last degree: "homes of silent prayer," they might well, indeed, be called, but with a certain look of resolve in them also, which is not the usual accompaniment of religious resignation.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Signet, to come to us so often," she said, and the jeweller noticed that her voice, though low, had a greater clearness than on the last occasion. "Your news is the only news that has any interest for us now."

"I only wish it were better, my dear Mrs. Helston: still"—for he noticed the little color in her cheeks paled away at once—"I have at least no worse news for you than on Saturday. It chiefly relates to Lady Pargiter. Your husband and I always took the same view of her ladyship's character; but nothing that we thought of her can come up to what I have now cause to believe her capable of. Conceive her attempting to hold me responsible for her diamonds, without even possessing my agent's receipt for them! From information received— However, to such friends as yourself and your excellent sister, I may say exactly what has occurred."

Then he repeated to them the revelation made by Miss Patty Selwood. When all was told, and perceiving that Mrs. Helston, to whom he had mainly addressed himself, was by no means so moved by the recital as he had expected, he turned to her sister.

"Mrs. Helston does not appear to comprehend the enormous importance that the absence of this receipt may be to us."

"Nay, rather, Mr. Signet, she does not—nor, I confess, do I—perceive its bearing upon the disappearance of her husband."

The jeweller, whom the glitter of the diamonds had for the time, as it were, blinded to this other particular, hastened to repair his mistake.

"Then let me explain that at once," he said. "The fact I speak of has a very strong though indirect relation to your domestic calamity; it makes Rutherford's evidence against Lady Pargiter of much more weight; it points to her guilty knowledge of the robbery, and therefore, by implication, of what has become of Mr. Helston, and in this light it is hopeful."

"In what respect?" inquired Amy.

"Well, though she may have stolen the diamonds, it is unlikely that she would have gone to the length of—of doing any bodily harm to Mr. Helston. She has probably only put him out of the way. I mean that since there must needs be some guilty person in this matter, it is better if it turns out to be her ladyship than any ordinary criminal who might stick at nothing. It is this reflection that gives me such satisfaction in her waiting-maid's statement."

"But it is incredible," said Amy, "that even Lady Pargiter—or, indeed, any woman—could have—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon; it's just *like* a woman," interrupted Mr. Signet. "Or rather I should say," he added, with a sudden remembrance of the sex of his auditors, "it is just like the conduct of a person unused to commit this class of crimes. Her course of conduct has been so audacious, and so careless of the consequences. She sends her own servant to recall the cab (which, remember, she has since denied); she persuades Mr. Helston to remain under her roof under pretense of hospitality, and then causes him to be deprived by force of that which has been intrusted to his charge; but being honest and faithful, he refuses, no matter under what pressure, to furnish her with the receipt which constitutes her legal claim."

"But should not Matthew have given her the receipt before he quitted the house the first time?" observed Amy.

"A very judicious remark," observed Mr. Signet: "the very one that Mr. Brail—my detective—himself made when I suggested my view of the case. Yes, she had his receipt, no doubt, but somehow or other Mr. Helston must have had the opportunity of destroying it afterward, when he perceived her wicked intentions. That is only a bare supposition, of course, but the whole affair is at present guess-work; nothing that we can suppose is, at all events, more improbable than what has actually occurred; and my explanation of the matter accounts for both the absence of the receipt and the disappearance of Mr. Helston. As to the latter, which is, of course, our main consideration, I am unable to dismiss from my mind the circumstance that your excellent husband was personally obnoxious to Lady Pargiter. This, though it may not absolutely account for everything, may be a factor in the case. She may have attempted to bribe him; there may have been a quarrel; and being of an ungovernable temper, and utterly unscrupulous, she may have been driven further than she intended."

"Do you mean to suggest," said Sabey, in hollow tones, "that this woman has *murdered* my husband?"

"My dear madam, nothing of the kind: you alarm me above measure, and make me regret having reposed my confidence in you. To one person—that is to say, without a witness—one can say anything: that is why I was so anxious to speak with Miss Thurlow alone upon this matter. I hope another time that she will understand that I have a reason for what I ask. But before a witness—that is to say, when you are both present—it is unadvisable to open one's heart too unreservedly. Not that Lady Pargiter has any right to complain of my saying anything. The infamous accusations of dishonesty that she has made against myself and Mr. Helston—"

"When? where?" inquired Sabey, with sudden eagerness, her liquid eyes aglow like the phosphorescent gleam of some ocean lake.

"She made them to Mr. Brail; she made them to her waiting-maid; she caused them, without doubt, to find their way on Saturday into print. By-the-bye, I have another newspaper paragraph to show you that concerns us all, Mrs. Helston."

"Let me see it—give it to me," she cried, with eagerness. Amy made no attempt to stop her: the infamous suggestions against her husband's honor of which she was already in possession had had, as Uncle Stephen had predicted, by no means a bad effect upon Sabey. Strange to say, indeed, they might be said to have had a good effect; they had substituted for her brooding an indignant, almost defiant tone, and for her despondent and despairing thoughts all sorts of schemes for vindicating his innocence, which, however vague and impracticable, were by comparison a wholesome mental pabulum. It gave her a sort of galvanic strength, and, what was of real consequence, a desire for life, though but for a single end. Even though her Matthew were lost forever to her, she would not wish to die before she had given the lie to his detractors, and cleared his memory from reproach.

"This paper takes quite a different view," observed Mr. Signet, encouragingly.

"Yes, I suppose I ought to be thankful for it," said Sabey, with a sad smile.

"The writer, at all events, meant kindly," put in Amy, who was reading over her shoulder.

"I am sure he did," said the jeweller, blushing; not because he had written the paragraph, for, as we know, that was not the case, but because he knew that he was producing the impression that he had done so.

"Have you brought me back Matthew's picture?" inquired Sabey, softly.

"No, not to-day; yesterday was Sunday, you know—a *dies non*. I shall hope to bring it to you"—here he turned to Amy—"to-morrow."

"My sister will be glad to have it back," said Amy. It was very disagreeable to Mr. Signet that she would persist in avoiding any reference to herself. He was discouraged by the result of his visit altogether, though he felt that he might have made a worse impression but for his own dexterity. The indifference these women had manifested to his news about the diamonds was most extraordinary; of course they were anxious about Helston, but they seemed to have no sense of comparison. He began to think that Amy had not quite so much intelligence as he had credited her with; and yet, somehow, he did not think less of her on that account. The tenderness of the Dove seemed in her case preferable to the sagacity of the Owl. And yet, with all her quietness, he was aware that there was a certain air of self-confidence about her—the natural fruit, had he but known it, of independence of character; and that also gave him satisfaction. He felt that a woman of that kind, if properly dressed (so he put it, as though she had been *on* the board instead of *at* it), would look uncommonly well at the head of his table.

Amy did not accompany him, as on the last occasion, to the front door, but rang the parlor bell for the maid-servant; and he could not but perceive that the pressure of his hand at parting was not returned.

This wounded his self-love. Still, all previous engagements notwithstanding, he could scarcely conceive her refusing the sole surviving representative of Star & Signet if he should really condescend to propose to her. At present he had not positively made up his mind to do so. If Lady Pargiter's guilt should be brought home to her, he would offer the girl his hand; but if it should turn out that Matthew Helston had absconded with the jewels, he was not sure his passion for her was so strong that it would survive her connection with disgrace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME IRISH CURES.

SOME of the cures and charms so generally used by middle-aged and old people among the peasantry of the County Donegal, Ireland, are very queer. There is a depth of superstition about them which seems to be absolutely fathomless. A good deal of really useful knowledge relating to herbs is overlaid with superstition; but magic and witchcraft, pure and simple, have far the greatest number of votaries.

To begin with rheumatism—the commonest ill to which our flesh is heir in this damp climate. Several quaint cures are advocated by the old people.

An old woman, who is not sure of her exact age, but says she was born in the "first year of the uniting," told the writer the following story.

"My grandmother," she began, "was that afflicted wi' the pains that she couldna lift her hand to her head. One day a poor woman, looking for her bit, came in an' took a seat by the fire, an' while she was there the grandmother reached up to the shelf for her knitting, an' she groaned an' lamented when she moved her arm. 'Good woman,' says the poor auld wife, 'I'm sorry to see you the way you are. What is it ails you?' Wi' that my grandmother told her all about the pains, an' she bid her get frog's spawn out o' the dikes, an' put it in a crock, wi' a slate on the top of it, an' bury it for three months in the garden, then take it up an' rub the pains wi' what she'd find in the crock.

"It was done, an' at the end o' the three months the crock was dug up, an' the finest water was in it. I heerd my mother saying that they persevered rubbing wi' the water, an' the old woman got rid of her rheumatics."

Another cure for rheumatism is to take the patient in an ass's cart, and drive him for half a day over the roughest ground that can be found.

A third cure has quite a cruel sound. At a wake in Fannet, a wild region on the Donegal coast, a man, bent almost double, and tottering slowly, supported by his stick, entered the house, and sat down by the fire. He was a neighbor of the bereaved family, so that the people smoking round the hearth were not surprised to see him. It was the day of the funeral; the coffin had arrived, and the dead man was about to be laid within it. But before they raised him from the bed, the crippled man crept over, and taking the hand of the corpse, applied it to his arm, to his shoulder, and to his leg, saying, "Tak' my pains wi' you, Thady, in the name of God."

The neighbors and family stepped back, whispering: "Poor Donald! Poor crathur, he's sore afflicted wi' the pains. Why wouldn't he try the cure?" Again, when the coffin was being lifted over the threshold, Donald called after it, "Tak' my pains wi' you, Thady, in the name of God."

"Was the cure successful?" we asked our informant.

"Ay. Donald threw away the stick, an' walked as weel's I do; but sure it was a harsh, unfeeling thing to do. I'd sooner ha' suffered the pains."

Donald, who tried the cure, and Kitty, who told us of it, are Roman Catholics, and their idea probably was that the pains of rheumatism would be an imperceptible addition to those of purgatory. But a selfish willingness on the part of the people to bequeath their own sufferings to others crops out in a good many of the country cures and charms. In Letterkenny and its neighborhood a person who is troubled with warts steals a scrap of raw beef (the charm is useless if the beef be obtained in any honest way), rubs his warts with it, and buries it where four roads cross, convinced that the first passer-by who steps upon the spot where it is buried will inherit his warts.

If an Innishowen woman is troubled in the same way, she procures ten straws, ties a knot upon each, throws the tenth away, and carefully rubbing her warts with the nine knotted straws, makes an attractive-looking white paper parcel of them, and throws it upon the high-road, sure that the first person who takes up and opens the parcel will become possessor of her warts.

The cures differ slightly in different parts of the country. In some districts a wart-charmer gives a folded paper, directing the patient to bury it, and assuring him that as the paper decays his warts will vanish. In other townlands he will be advised to touch the warts with nine pins, and throw them away in the grave-yard. Another cure is to dip a cloth in pig's blood, rub the warts with it, and bury it, and as the cloth rots away, the warts will disappear.

To return, however, to more serious and universal ills. For toothache our old people recommend many cures. The commonest of these is a particularly grewsome one. Some months ago an English tourist, lingering in a country churchyard, was present at a funeral, and observed among the group of mourners a young man, who particularly attracted attention by his swollen face, and the utter dejection of his appearance. "Here at least is one true mourner," thought the Englishman. While this thought was passing through his mind, the supposed mourner took up a skull which lay on the top of a heap of dry mould and crumbled bones. He raised it to his lips, and, with his own teeth, extracted a tooth from it. Horror filled the stranger as he watched this proceeding, and saw him throw the skull carelessly away, while he wrapped the tooth in paper, and put it in his pocket.

"Can you tell me why he did that?" asked our tourist of an old man who had stood beside him during the funeral ceremony.

"Ay, surely, your honor: the poor boy was very bad wi' the toothache, an' it's allowed to be a cure if you draw a tooth frae a skull wi' your ain teeth. He'll sew the tooth in his clothes, an' wear it as long as he lives."

"You don't tell me so! Do you think the remedy will be effectual?"

"It's like enough, sir," replied the old man, showing where a tooth was sewed in the lining of his own waistcoat. "It's five years since I pulled that ane the same way, an' I never had a touch o' the toothache since."

There are wise men—generally country schoolmasters—who profess to give a cure for toothache. Some words are written on a slip of paper, which is folded up and given to the sufferer, with the injunction not to read it, but to sew it unopened in his clothes. If the paper were to be read, the charm would be broken.

"That is a pretty ring," we remark to some tidy house-maid or nursery-maid as she waits upon us.

"It was bestowed on me, ma'am," she replies; but no blush accompanies the confession, and we know instinctively that it was not the gift of an admirer. "I wear it for the toothache," she proceeds to explain.

Probably some neighbor, seeing her suffer, had kindly presented it, knowing the superstition that to wear a ring which has been given as a present is a charm against toothache. It certainly must be an easier and pleasanter remedy than to swallow nine hairs pulled out of a black cat's tail, which is the cure most strongly recommended in some parts of Donegal.

A great many extraordinary remedies for whooping-cough are recommended in Donegal. One of the quaintest and most resorted to is to procure and wear a lock of hair from a posthumous child.

Two years ago every second child in the townland of Ballylafferty was coughing terribly. To the question, "How is Sandy or Lizzie to-day?" the answer was, "Bad enough still, but they'll be better to-morrow, for we ha' got a wee lock of hair from Jamie Teague."

"A lock of hair from Jamie Teague! What will you do with it?"

"The weans 'ill wear it, miss, an' they'll soon be better."

"But why Jamie Teague's hair?"

"Because Jamie's a boy that never seen his father; an' it's allowed that the hair of ane that never saw his father is good for the chin-cough," was the reply, with a smile of indulgent pity for our ignorance.

In other districts the child is passed nine times under a donkey. In some parishes the mother of the sick child goes out in the evening

> "Where the beetle wheels his droning flight,"

but she does not listen to the pleasant sound with any of the feelings that inspired the poet. She hopes the beetle will fly against her, and be caught. She must not look for him; the charm is useless if the poor insect does not become her prey by accident. He is carried home, and corked up in a bottle, and as he slowly dies, the child's cough wears away.

In the neighborhood of Letterkenny and Ramelton the sick child is sent out to meet a piebald horse. If he chance to encounter this rare animal, he stops the rider, and says, "You man, riding on the piebald horse, give me a cure for the chin-cough." To which the rider replies, "A kiss from my lips, a kepper [piece of bread and butter] from my hand, or a penny from my purse?" One of these three things is chosen, and the child is supposed to go home cured.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

No city in the world is more favorably situated than New York for holiday excursions by land and water. Coney Island, Rockaway, Long Branch, dozens of places up the river, on both shores of the sound, and down the bay, tempt people into the open air with their varied attractions. Some of these excursions require the greater part of the day, or an afternoon and evening, for their complete enjoyment; others but two or three hours. Nothing can be pleasanter, for those who have only a short time at their disposal, than an afternoon trip to High Bridge, where the scenery is delightful, and where one can enjoy the sight of the great structure over which rushes the supply of water for New York, take a walk over the high banks, or sit on shaded benches to watch the rowers on Harlem River. The end comes all too soon. The cry of "All aboard!" startles the most lazily inclined; and then comes a rush like the one depicted by our artist in the spirited sketch on page 472. But the day has been pleasant, and the excursionists return to their city homes refreshed and invigorated by their healthful outing.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LAST Sunday one of our Sunday-school superintendents, on his way to church, met a boy with a fishing-pole. "Where are you going with that pole?" asked the superintendent. He had not seen the boy since the last time he filled up at a Sunday-school picnic. "Please, sir, I've got a wicked father, who sends me out to fish every Sunday morning; but as soon as I get out of sight of the house I am going to play hookey, and come to Sunday-school."

A Sacramento girl was guilty of a mean trick the other day. She eloped with her objectionable lover the same day her mother was enamelled; and as the latter was compelled to remain shut up three days, or else crack all over, the couple managed to get away without pursuit.

A female applicant for aid appeared at the office of the Director of the Poor, in Detroit, the other day, with a sad and anxious look, and on being asked what she wanted, replied, "I'd like some money." "How much?" "Well, I can't say exactly. How much do you generally give out to a person who wants to buy a bead belt?"

The busy bee is held up as an example of industry to boys, yet what a terrible example he is. If boys were like bees, you couldn't stick your nose into a school-room without getting it thumped.

CLASS IN HISTORY.

PROFESSOR. "What important personage was confined on the island of St. Helena?"
MR. H. "Robinson Crusoe."

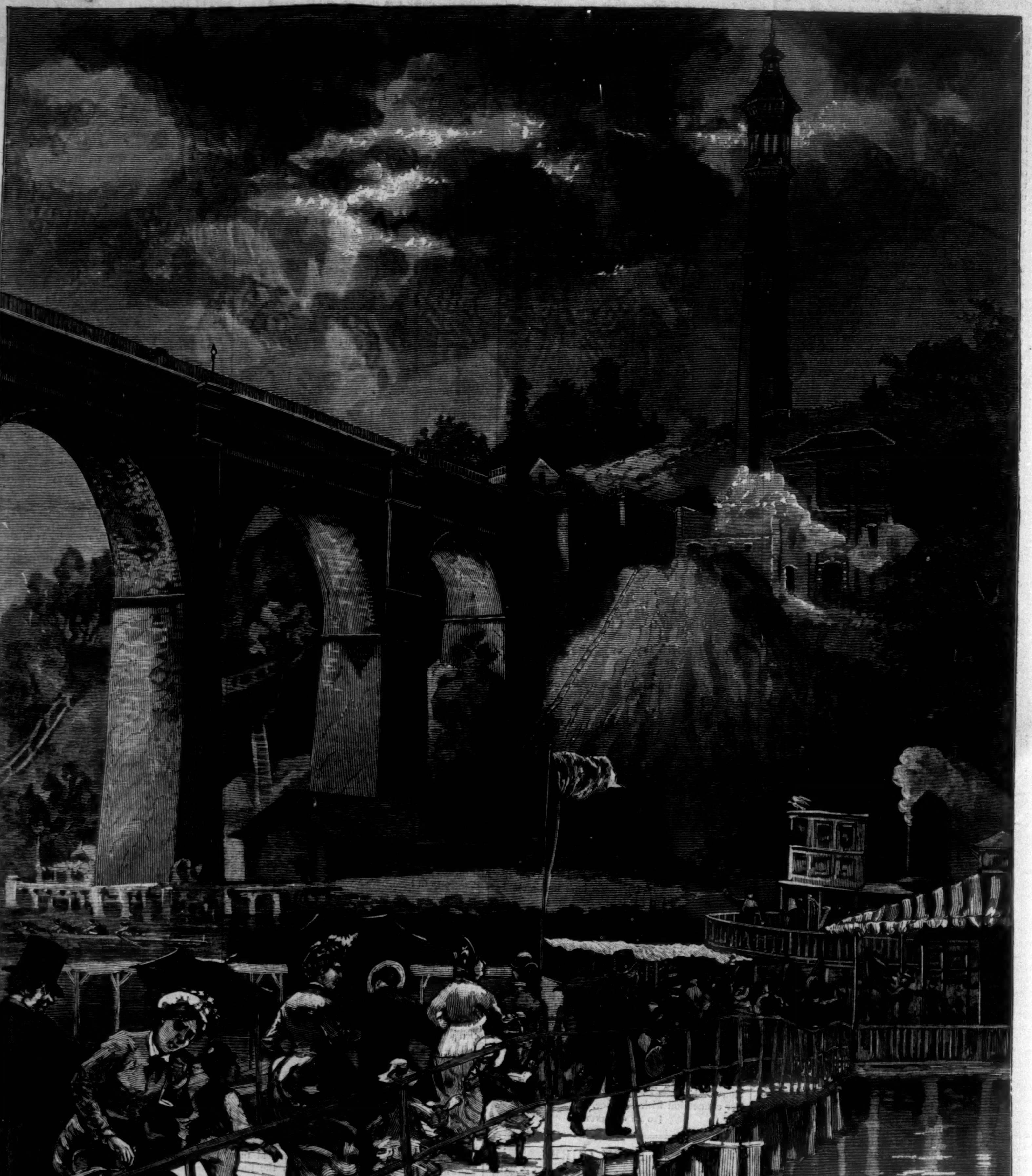
An Ichthyophagous Club has been started in New York. It is calculated to ruin the reputation of any husband who goes home late at night and tries to tell where he has been.

The Philadelphia *World* gets off the following horrible story: Her name was Nelly. They had been indulging in a waltz, and as they seated themselves on the ocean side of the Sea View, her Charles devoted himself to cooling her off. Turning around and facing him, she asked, "Why am I like a certain animal in the menagerie?" He didn't know, he said. "Why, I'm a Nelly-fanned," she said. He immediately asked for the position of keeper, and they will be married in the fall.

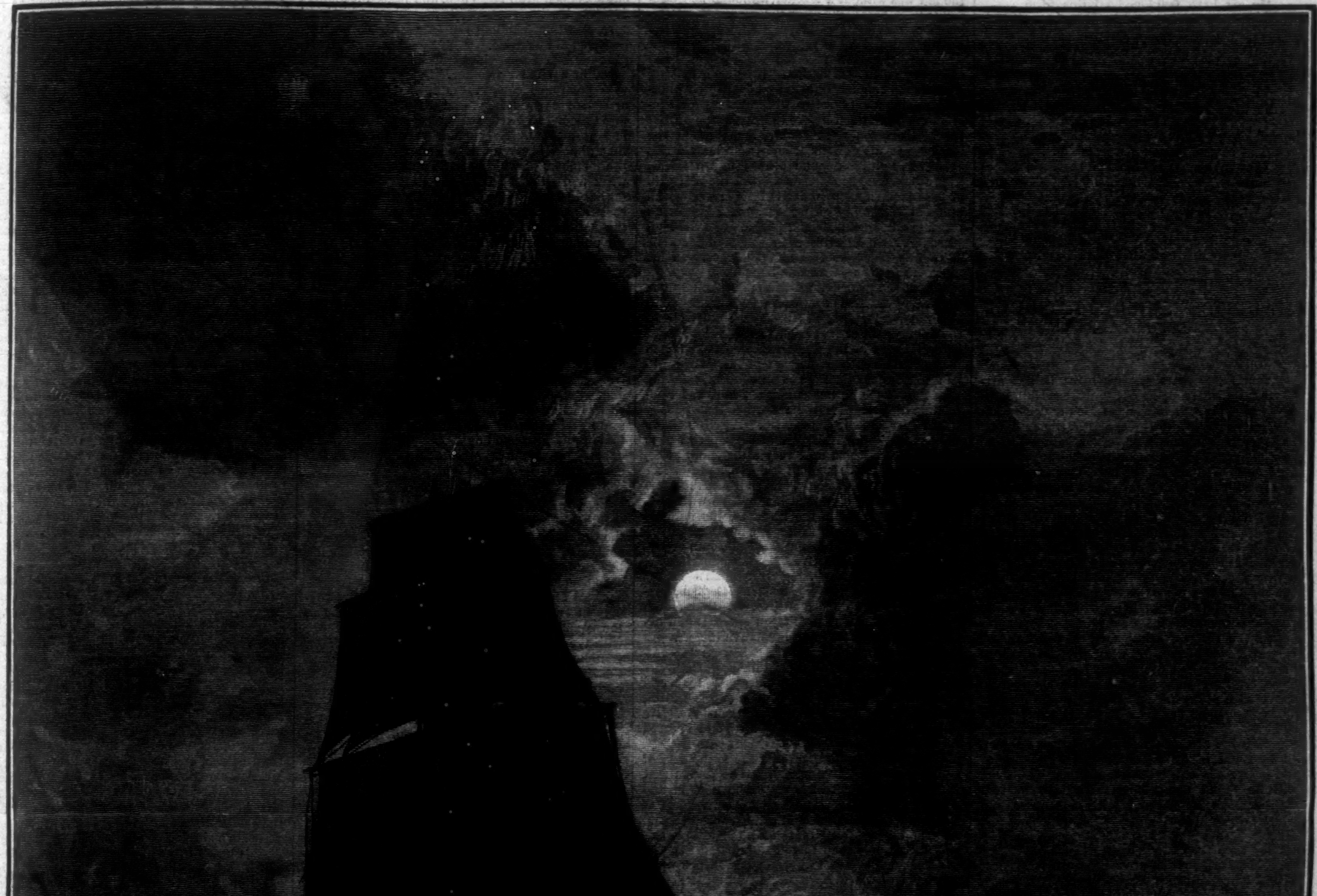
A man may object to wearing button-hole bouquets, but it's astonishing with what fortitude he goes through the ordeal of having one pinned on, if the donor happens to be young and pretty.

TEACHER. "What is a score?"
PUPIL. "A base-ball record."
TEACHER. "No, no; what I mean is, how much does a score signify numerically? what idea does it give you? That is to say, if I were to tell you that I had a score of horses, what would you think?"
PUPIL. "Please, marm, I should think you was stuffin'."

When James T. Brady first opened a lawyer's office in New York, he took a basement room, which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered. "The cobbler's gone, I see," he said. "I should think he had," tartly responded Brady. "And what do you sell?" he said, looking at the solitary table and a few law-books. "Blockheads," responded Brady. "Be gorra," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business—ye hain't got but one left."



AT HIGH BRIDGE, HARLEM RIVER—"ALL ABOARD!"—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 471.]



MOONLIGHT ON THE WATER.

ENGRAVED BY W. H. REDDING, FROM A PICTURE BY M. F. H. DE HAAS.

[SEE PAGE 474.]

EXHIBITED IN THE AMERICAN ART GALLERY, NEW YORK.

THE PORTRAIT.

Say, can you read it? Is it writ
In any line upon this face,
Love once had here his dwelling-place,
He touched this brow and hallowed it?

The pictured face smiles back at me;
My art hath fashioned all this form,
My eager hand and fancy warm
They made this thing, and bade it be.

But is it here? I knew the life,
I watched the budding of the flower,
The glorious ripening hour by hour,
And then the storm and pain and strife.

And now. Except the canvas show
The consummation pure and fair,
Love's holy work in radiance there,
Then back to chaos it shall go.

Oh! were it not a lifeless shade,
If pictured lips could smile and speak,
Then these should say, in accents meek,
"Naught am I but what Love has made."

MAURITS FREDERIK HENDRIK DE HAAS.

I.

About thirty years ago, when the British artists were displaying in Westminster Hall, London, their competitive designs for the decoration of the interior of the Houses of Parliament, one of them, the Scotch marine painter Schetky, wrote to his daughter: "No marine man has any chance. Had there been among the judges some admirals or sailors, there might have been a small ray of hope; but all is for *figures* in historical pictures, forgetting that the safety and comfort of our firesides are attributable to the valor and indomitable courage of our naval heroes." The words sound strange in these days of the triumphs of marine painters, yet they doubtless accurately describe the state of things that existed in the last generation in England. In Schetky's time marine painting was neither widely nor warmly appreciated, the reasons being, first, that it was not very artistically done, and secondly, that the love of nature was less comprehensive than it is today. Schetky himself certainly scarcely rose above the plane of an excellent and patient draughtsman of vessels. But only three years ago a leading English reviewer wrote concerning the "Marine Picture-Gallery," then just re-opened in Bond Street, London: "The number of works exceeds one hundred, and many of them will be found uncommonly attractive to 'old salts,' yachting men, and their congeners, and worthy of appreciative inspection by artists and amateurs as well." Perhaps these marine pictures were artistically no better than poor Schetky's, although in that case it is difficult to see how they could have deserved the appreciation of artists; but if they really did deserve such appreciation, why speak of them, first of all, as uncommonly attractive "to 'old salts' and yachting men"? Was it the unconscious influence of the "literary" in English art that guided the reviewer's pen, causing undue prominence to be given to the stories told on the canvases, or was it rather a bare fact that "old salts and yachting men" were the main support of marine painters, and therefore, by courtesy, took the precedence? Whichever it was, no American reviewer to-day would be likely to risk his reputation by writing such a sentence in such a connection. The best marine pictures in this country are works of art, and among them are the works of Maurits Frederik Hendrik De Haas.

II.

In his eighth year—he was born in Rotterdam, Holland, on the 12th of December, 1832—De Haas took lessons in drawing of J. Spoel, an unusually successful teacher, and afterward a prominent figure-painter. There were several children in the De Haas family, and their father encouraged them in the acquisition of art-knowledge. He arranged for Spoel to come to his house, and when Maurits was ten years old, the master took him out to nature, and showed him how to sketch.

The young pupil was especially attracted by the trunks of trees in some woods near Rotterdam, and by the very picturesque ruins of an old glass-blowing establishment with passageways under the ground. He spent days and weeks with pencil and water-colors in that place, and to this moment has not forgotten the deep pleasure that thrilled him so often there. The experience was undoubtedly extremely serviceable in manifesting (both to himself and to his friends) and developing his artistic possessions, and takes a principal rank among the forces that shaped his career.

The finest houses in Rotterdam are built on the river, and from early childhood De Haas was in the habit of rowing and sketching near his home with his oldest brother, who afterward went to India as a naval architect, and died there. The boys spent the best parts of many days in their little boat; they had the Dutch love of aquatic sport, and the artist's instincts for natural beauty. In the navy-yard in an ample studio lived the marine painter Van Beest, with whom De Haas soon became acquainted, and under whom he studied for several years. This man unfortunately (and not to mince matters) was less enviable in character than in his great natural gifts and splendid ideas; his sketches in sepia and in pencil were brilliant for action and composition; but he could not paint, because he would not study, although, on account of his precocious talents, he had been picked up out of the slums of the city, and been befriended by Prince Henry of the Netherlands, admiral in the Dutch navy. When his debts and commercial irregularities had very nearly swamped him, he escaped to America, and finally died in a New York hospital, about fifteen years ago, penniless and friendless.

III.

De Haas's father had died, and for some time the lad was without a teacher, although he gratefully remembers going often to Rosenboom, a landscape painter of fair rank, and showing him his sketches of boats and vessels of all sorts, drawn from nature, which received that artist's most encouraging commendation. He began making trips in the English Channel on the Dutch pilot-boats, which staid out two weeks, unless their pilots were discharged before the expiration of that time. He often went ashore, too, through the kindness of his aquatic friends, who landed him at Dover, Folkestone, and other English towns, where he sketched at leisure. But the real gain of his excursions was derived from seeing all kinds of vessels, of all nations, under almost all possible circumstances and positions, on the high seas. For as he cruised in the pilot-boats he constantly made studies and sketches. In his nineteenth year he first saw London.

One of the principal art-dealers in the city was the firm of Ackerman & Co., No. 96 Strand. With two water-color sketches brought from Holland the young painter had been feeling the pulse of several shops in the British metropolis, but had recognized no encouraging symptoms. He strolled into Ackerman's large establishment, thinking that perchance he might make a sale, and comforting himself with the reflection that nobody would ever know it if he failed. A gentleman to whom he exhibited his pair of sketches at once offered to buy them at a very satisfactory price, gave him an order for half a dozen, more or less—"No matter how many," he said—of the same kind, and asked if he had his utensils with him. De Haas, replying in the negative, was immediately furnished gratis with a splendid box of water-colors and the rest of a handsome outfit. His generous patron was Mr. Ackerman himself, who, after receiving the young Dutchman's hearty thanks in broken—very broken—English, suddenly burst out fluently with vernacular Dutch himself. "But why didn't you speak Dutch before?" asked De Haas, in his native tongue.

"Oh, just for fun," replied Ackerman: "I wanted to see how well you could talk English."

The merchant, it seems, had passed several years in Holland for the benefit of his health, and while there had married a Dutch lady. He ordered some pencil drawings also, and secured for De Haas a pupil in water-colors—an English maiden, whose father paid him the lordly sum of a guinea and a half a lesson. Who knows that De Haas might not have settled in London, and made a fortune there, had he not received, just at this luminous and most alluring epoch, a letter from home, informing him that his eldest brother was compelled to go to India, and that his own presence and services were in consequence indispensable to his mother and her other children. With a heart not particularly gleeful, it is to be supposed, he called upon his benefactor and stated the case. Ackerman immediately gave him an order for five or six dozen pencil drawings of the various parts and belongings of a ship, intending to publish them in successive lithographs. But after three or four numbers of the series had made their appearance, good Mr. Ackerman's firm failed.

IV.

Stinging, almost blinding, was this latest blow. And almost before the artist could turn around to find out what had struck him, he was drafted into the Dutch army, and had to furnish a substitute at a cost of eight hundred guilders—half of the sum cash down, and the rest in periodical installments. Although in the dictionaries a guilder is forty cents, you could do as much with one there as with a dollar here. So we may picture to ourselves the young man with an inexorable debt of eight hundred dollars, and no friendly Ackerman to help him out of it. But so long as war is possible, if not probable, armies in Europe must be recruited somehow—at least kings seem to think so—and De Haas perhaps had reason to feel thankful that he could get out of his scrape by buying up a fellow-man, although the prosperity of his London sojourn must have awakened some longings for the days that were no more—the days when he taught English girls water-colors at a guinea and a half a lesson, when he sold sketches faster than he could paint them, when pigments, brushes, and palettes came without the asking, and when the genial Ackerman talked elysium in idiomatic Dutch.

The most courted and princely artist in Holland was Louis Meyer, the celebrated marine painter. He had a studio at the Hague, was on most envied and confidential terms with the sovereign and all the royal family and appendages, and really understood his business. For many years he had lived in Paris, and enjoyed a fine reputation, having received a dozen or more decorations from various European nations, and been considered one of the *protégés* of Louis Philippe. When that monarch withdrew to a less conspicuous vocation, his Dutch friend retired to the land of dikes. To this man then came De Haas, with a letter of introduction from his old master Rosenboom, and a portfolio of sketches from nature, which so pleased Meyer that De Haas forthwith received the honor of an invitation to become his pupil. He accepted the invitation, and for five years was in his studio. From that time our marine painter had comparatively easy sailing. The fact that Louis Meyer publicly befriended him made him other friends. He began to sell his works, and has not yet stopped. Water-colors and ink sketches being very popular, he devoted his evenings to producing them. They brought—often enough—a hundred guilders apiece. Dutch patrons of art did not buy them to frame and hang on walls, but to fill portfolios. It was common to see six or eight hundred of them in a gentleman's portfolio, mounted simply on Bristol-board. Every leading city held annually two or three water-color exhibitions, to which collectors would send their portfolios. These were laid on a long table, at which the visitors sat, while the officers of the exhibition took out specimen after specimen, and passed it along for examination, each guest inspecting at his leisure, and then handing the sketch to his neighbor, who did likewise. The collectors themselves gave periodical receptions, and showed their treasures in a similar manner. Some of these private portfolios contain examples of celebrated artists of every nation, and have a world-wide reputation. In Europe almost every artist draws in water-colors. So popular were these works that almost every town had an art association, the members of which met two or three times a week and sketched from the life, each member taking his turn in posing the model. These associations were altogether distinct, of course, from the national art academies, which were run at the public expense. It is easy to see that there was sufficient encouragement for a clever young painter to sketch in water-colors, and it is natural to wish that it was fashionable in this country for patrons of art to make collections for portfolios. Perhaps no method of patronizing the fine arts would be more effective or more appreciated. Sketches in water-colors are easily made, are comparatively cheap, and are distinctively charming. When beautiful, their beauty is exquisite, and quite apart also from that expressed by oils or other mediums. In their own separate and exclusive sphere they are simply supreme, and you would as soon compare them with oils as you would compare a flute with a cathedral organ.

V.

In a studio of his own, De Haas had been painting about two years, when he received from the government a commission to go to sea and study art, with a good salary and the rank of a lieutenant in the navy. The compliment was a conspicuous one, even in a nation that encourages art students. After making one short voyage—it was on the trial trip of a new addition to the squadron—he received from Meyer a letter with the intelligence that a prominent New York gentleman, then living in an official capacity at the Hague, warmly advised him to try his fortune in the American metropolis. He very soon determined to take the advice, although the Minister of Marine, to whom he announced his intention of quitting the service, pronounced him foolish, and the captain of the vessel, which had returned from the trial trip, assured him that commissions from the government, and also a decoration, awaited him, if he would stay. The fact is that love had taken up the harp of life: De Haas wanted to get married, and the American opportunity was also a hymeneal one. For an ardent young artist in that state of mind the Dutch navy had lost its attractions. He caused the banns to be published at once, and in two weeks—or just as soon as the laws would permit him to marry—he was off with his bride on a sailing vessel bound for New York. It took the blissful couple not less than forty-eight days to reach port, after several deaths from typhoid fever among the crew, after prolonged leaking of the ship, and after a most awful and destructive hurricane on the Banks of Newfoundland, when the topmast, the sails, and all the boats of the *Germania* disappeared overboard, and everything movable on deck floated.

On reaching New York, six days after the fury of the gale, he called on an American banker, whom he had known in Holland, and was told that Mr. Church's "Niagara" was on exhibition at Williams & Stevens' rooms, down town. "I was very much surprised," says Mr. De Haas; "I had no idea that an American could paint such a picture. I thought it was a very beautiful thing." The same friend's influence secured for him the hanging in the Goupil Gallery of two or three canvases that he had brought with him from Europe. He took a studio on Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets. In six months he removed to Thirteenth Street and Broadway, where he staid about three years. At the expiration of that time he established himself in the Tenth Street Studio Building, and is there now.

VI.

"An American painter," says De Haas, "has observed that it is easy to paint moonlight marines. Certainly it is easy to paint some moonlight marines that one sees, but the difficulty is to reproduce the night atmosphere, of whatever sort the night may be. Most of the moonlights that you see in pictures are merely dark daylights; they lack the night atmosphere, destitute of which no moonlight is true. You may paint a picture as dark as you please, but if its atmosphere is only a darkened day one, it will not reproduce the sense of night. I have studied moonlight a great deal, because I am very fond of it, and this has always been my effort, namely, to get the specific night atmosphere as distinguished from a darkened day atmosphere. There is as much variety in moonlight as in daylight. Sometimes, with cloudy skies, it is almost as light as daylight, but you never mistake it for daylight; it has always the night tone. Sometimes with a clear sky the tone is darker than with cloudy skies, owing to the absence of the reflected light of the clouds. This night tone, I should say, is more difficult to reproduce than the day tone; certainly it is less frequently well painted. There is an abundance of weak moonlight scenes—weak in being not distinctively moonlight, but only a modified, lowered, emasculated sunlight. Moonlight scenes have just now a peculiar charm for the public, and the demand for them is urgent among art buyers. Yet this taste is of very recent origin. Ten years ago nobody seemed to want a moonlight, for it was almost impossible to sell one either in Europe or America." It is well known that Mr. De Haas's moonlights have been much sought in recent years. They adorn scores of private galleries in the principal cities of the United States, and are among the most successful things that he has attempted. The example engraved for this number of *Harper's Weekly* is perhaps as winning in its refulgence and its sentiment as any composition of the kind ever produced in this country, not the least of its strength lying in the fact that it exemplifies the artist's distinction beteen moonlight and weakened daylight.

"I once heard an artist say," resumed Mr. De Haas, "that the drawing of a vessel is an easy accomplishment; that almost anybody could draw a vessel. It seems to me, however, that, on the contrary, it is extremely difficult, and can be done correctly only after years of experience in sketching vessels at sea in all varieties of positions. You must go to sea, and study the handling and appearance of vessels in sunshine and in storm, in rough weather and in smooth. Sea-shore study won't do; there is a difference between a coast-scene painter and a marine painter; the latter may be the former, but the former, without special training, can not be the latter. Vessels seen from the shore look different from vessels seen on the ocean; their movements, their rigging, their handling, are different. Moreover, the characteristics of a storm at sea are by no means those of a storm on the coast; many coast-scene painters never represent such a storm as it is. Even a gale on a lee shore is seldom correctly given. Painters don't make it wild enough. In such a gale the waves are peculiar in form—the spray is flying; the wildness is conspicuously distinctive. Here comes in the drawing. One of the most difficult things to do is to draw a large wave—to make it massive (strong enough to knock a vessel to pieces) as well as liquid. The only picture I ever saw that represented the full force of a gale at sea, and expressed the whole thing, was a lithograph by the French artist Perrot."

VII.

One of the largest and most important pictures by De Haas is the "Clearing up of a Storm at the Isles of Shoals," painted five or six years ago, after he had seen the storm. It is owned in San Francisco. His largest work is "Farragut's Fleet Passing the Forts at New Orleans," about ten feet long by five feet high, also owned in San Francisco. "Coasting at Cape Ann" is in the gallery of Mr. Kidder, of Boston. "Drifted Ashore in a Fog," about five and a half feet by three and a half, is a gray-toned, mid-day, partly stormy effect, one of his most successful sketches from nature, and on exhibition in San Francisco. Mr. August Belmont bought his "Wreckers," and Governor Morgan his "Moonrise at Sunset." His Academy picture for 1879, entitled "After the Collision," and showing in the foreground a vessel in a sinking condition, with small boats and figures about it, and in the background a steamer which had collided, but is now lying to, is an early moonrise effect, belonging to Mr. Joseph Knapp. The walls of the large studio in Tenth Street, New York city, are adorned with nearly two hundred painted studies and sketches of marine and coast scenes, while perhaps two hundred more are laid away in his portfolios. From the ceiling hangs an immense sea-gull, killed at Westhampton, Long Island, some years ago, and measuring more than four feet from tip to tip. Two fine models in wood are of a trading-ship and an old-fashioned revenue-cutter.

Holland has always produced more marine painters, and more notable ones, than any other country in Europe, and De Haas was born into a goodly heritage. Of Dutch art in general it may be said that it has held its own with ease since the sixteenth century and earlier, and that in very recent days the school of Joseph Israels and the brothers Maris has produced results which have elicited the admiration of the best æsthetic culture of Europe. It is to be noted just here, however, that De Haas has never displayed in his works the slightest sympathy for the methods and purposes of this school, and that his pictures, if hung in such company as the recent Cottier collection of oil-paintings, would seem altogether out of place. These latest Dutchmen paint for "tone" chiefly, and their subjects, as a rule, are those in which such an artistic motive can best be exclusively developed. The "literary" has precisely no hold upon them at all; they disdain to tell a story, to make a "popular" appeal, even to use bright pigments much. They address themselves to the most refined, subdued, and in a sense abnormal tastes, and their message is this one of the supremacy of "tone." A similar message—that is, similar in chirography if not in purport—is brought annually to the public in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, where also "tone" seems to be the all in all, by "tone" being meant the general scheme of color correspondencies and contrasts. Nor can it be denied that the choice landscapes of the brothers Maris, the choice landscapes with horses of Mauve, the choice landscapes with sheep and human figures by Mettling—one of the latter, a sunset scene, hangs in the Goupil Gallery as we write, and an ineffably tender and winning pastoral it is—are sometimes subtle and satisfying expressions of spiritual qualities. But too often the results are swamped by the processes; the apprehension of nature which is vouchsafed to "the gentle and simple in mind and heart" gives place to false, affected, self-pervaded views, and art becomes the ally neither of the beautiful, nor of the true, nor of the good. In the struggle for "tone," the beautiful, the true, and the good slip away. Not thus did Rembrandt, and Cuyp, and Hobbema, and Ruysdael, interpret the mission of the artist. As for De Haas, his academic instincts have done him at least one good turn in this connection, although on his visit to Holland this summer he will perhaps be surprised to find how strong a hold the new learning has got even upon the academies themselves.

VIII.

These academic instincts also have served him well otherwise. He is a master of drawing; he is a student and a scholar in his profession; and, to adopt his own distinction, he is a marine painter rather than a coast-scene painter. No artist in this country—few artists in any country—have studied the sea on the sea as has M. F. H. De Haas. His mighty ships are on water that will support them. They will not sink because it is too fluid, nor because thin, sharp waves cut into them. Did anybody ever note an inaccuracy in his outlines of hull, or sail, or rigging? Would an old tar himself find fault with the drawing or the position of one of De Haas's merchantmen? The sensation of motion is felt by the spectator of his vessels homeward-bound; the crisp sea-breeze fills their sails, the stiff nor'wester strains their masts. Indeed, it is De Haas's scholarly drawing that one chiefly thinks of in connection with his pictures, and this because, perhaps, it stands alone in American marine painting. The finest felicity and loveliness of pictorial invention will be sought in vain in his breezy skies and sparkling waters; his themes are not always of nature that is ideally reproduced through the imagination; his color does not always palpitate with his emotion; but his draughtsmanship is singularly admirable.

DEUX PENSÉES.

By Mrs. Zadel B. Gustafson.

HE.

Where the cool and pleasant grasses
Fringe the field rill's mazes,
All the way that she must pass is
White with daisies.

Will she haste or will she linger,
Look austere or kindly?
The light wave of one white finger
Leads me blindly.

There's no riddle like a maiden—
Pliant, ductile, simple;
Into grave looks, thought o'erladen,
Glides a dimple.

Eyes—with tears that run not over—
Swift with laughter flashing;
Smiles that bless a doubting lover;
Frowns, hope-dashing.

See! she comes. Her exquisite motion
Sways the daisies whitely.
Never wave on summer ocean
Moved more lightly.

Nearer! Oh, in what sweet fashion
Will she give me greeting?
Whether with love's snow or passion?—
Haste, my sweeting!

SHE.

On the grove's cool shadow yonder,
How the heat is winking!
Does he see me yet? I wonder
What he's thinking!

Shall I haste or shall I tarry?
Which would be most seemly?
Will he love me, when we marry,
So supremely?

Love a-wooing is so docile!
Honey-moon scarce over,
Lo! the husband is the fossil
Of the lover.

Ah! he sees me. How he started!
Let us seem debating,
Little daisy, yellow-hearted,
While he's waiting.

"Loves me." Ah! but do *I*, tell me,
Love *him* as he says he
Loves me? Prithee can you tell me
That, my daisy?

Ah, what a dear bouquet! Such blending
Of colors! Dew yet on it!
For me? Oh, thanks! Pray don't; you're bending
My best bonnet!

ENGLISH SALT.

Cheshire has long been noted for its salt-springs, but these are of mild quality compared to the brine-springs that rise in the rock-salt localities. This natural brine supplies the best salt. It is pumped up from its springs by a powerful engine, and conveyed into a huge cistern, and from thence into the pans prepared for it. Under these pans, when full, fires are kept burning day and night, and constantly attended by the firemen, whose sole business it is to pile on the fuel, "rake off" when the heat becomes too great, and generally keep the furnace at its proper working heat. As soon as the brine becomes heated, the process of evaporation begins. All around us stood rows of long black sheds, from which at every crevice issued steam in soft white clouds. Inside these sheds it was very much like being in a briny Turkish bath; the heat of the steam was so intense that we could only bear it long enough to take a hurried look at the vast pan in front of us filled with boiling brine, on the top of which the salt lay in a thick scum, remaining for an instant on the surface, and then sinking slowly to the bottom.

Standing on a raised ledge beside the pan was a shaggy, foreign-looking man, stripped to the waist, and perspiring at every pore, who held a long-handled rake, with which he drew to the edge of the pan the salt which lay in masses over the bottom. Having raked together a considerable quantity of salt, he took another tool not unlike a giant spade, perforated with holes, with which he lifted the salt from the pan. The quality of the salt varies according to the time at which it is "drawn," or lifted from the pan. The finest, or what is called "butter salt," is drawn when the brine is at boiling-point, the pans being drawn two or three times a day. The coarser salt is left much longer at a lower temperature, being drawn, in some cases, two or three times a week, and in the case of "fish" or preserving salt only once or twice in a fortnight. A morsel of soap or glue is added to the heated brine to assist in the purifying of the salt.

The coarser varieties are never packed in tubs, but loaded straight from the shed on to the barge, or filled into specially prepared sacks. The finer salt is carried into the drying-room, which is kept constantly at a temperature trying to ordinary human nature, and here it is formed into neat blocks, and packed for exportation. This being clean work, much of the packing of fine salt is done by neat tidy women and girls. The coarser salt is carried loose to the barges on the river. This is very heavy work, and in these particular works was done almost exclusively by wild, rough-looking Germans and Poles, who worked without any clothing but a pair of short trousers; and as they wheel down their heavy barrows of salt, the perspiration streams down their naked shoulders; their bare feet are hard and coarse from constantly traversing the salted path, and they absorb so much of the brine into their pores that it frequently creates intense thirst, and makes the ale-house their only idea of recreation. The work, however, is remunerative, and those who have been trained to it acquire a liking for it, and prefer it to field labor.

AN INSURMOUNTABLE OBJECTION.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

Janet Dudley stood at the garden gate that lovely evening in early September, gazing up the road with anxious eyes. The faint light of the rising moon lay like a blessing on her golden head, and the air, filled with the fragrance of new-mown hay, caressingly touched her fair young face. Never prettier maid awaited lover, and yet John Hallam's step was slow and his face clouded as he emerged from the shadow of the trees and came toward her. Janet opened the gate and stepped out to meet him. "Well, John?" she said, and her voice trembled ever so little.

The young man took her tiny hands in his, and looked down upon her—she was a wee thing—with almost a frown upon his brow. "Uncle Roger is as obstinate as a mule," he said. "I have just come from a most wearisome interview with him. He insists that I shall either take up my drudgery again at Mink & Otter's, or some other equally agreeable establishment, and forfeit all claims upon him, or give him the promise he asks."

"Well?" said Janet again, gazing steadily up in his face, and this time her voice did not tremble at all, but her lover's did, as with half-averted eyes he made answer: "I should hate to go clerking it again after being my own master so long, and, to own the truth, patronizing my old chums somewhat whenever we met; and it seems too bad to let such a fortune go to strangers, as Uncle Roger declares it shall if I don't come to terms. But then the promise he exacts is so absurd."

"'Absurd,'" repeated Janet, slowly. "Is it so absurd, when you think of it calmly? Your uncle wants to make sure of a pleasant companion for five years, and at the end of that time wishes to choose a pleasant companion for that pleasant companion, thereby securing for himself two pleasant companions for the remainder of his life—which sounds like something out of one of Ollendorff's books for beginners, or a riddle," she continued, with a laugh that had no merriment in it. "And so he offers you great inducements to become that companion. And, John, you have always been discontented because your station in life was not a higher one, and more of the world's gold had not fallen to your share. And now that wealth and position are offered you, it would be 'absurd' indeed to refuse them for the sake of a poor country school-mistress."

"Janet, you are cruel."

"Perhaps I am—in the way surgeons are cruel; but I really think, John, the cure for your hurts is to accede to your uncle's wishes."

"And part with you?"

"And part with me, as it is only too evident that that worthy gentleman considers me totally unworthy the honor of ever becoming the pleasant companion of his pleasant companion."

The young man dropped her hands, and caught her in his arms. "You do not love me, after all," he said, reproachfully.

"I do love you," she replied, at the same time turning her face away from his kisses, "and I have loved you ever since we first met, but I have become convinced that as a poor man you would not be a success, John, and therefore I say, Obey your uncle, live the life for which you have longed, and get the fortune."

"By heavens I will *not* give you up!" exclaimed Hallam, stung by her quiet sarcasm. "But, Jennie dear, listen to reason. Promise to wait for me, to be true to me, and I will agree to Uncle Roger's conditions. Who knows what may happen in five years? The old man may die—"

The girl started back from his arms with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes. "Shame on you, John!" she said. "What happiness could attend the union of two people who waited for Death and Falsehood to bring them together? You have said enough. Our bonds are broken. You are free."

A faint voice from the cottage called, "Janet."

"I will never give you up," repeated the lover, vehemently, and snatching her again in his arms, he kissed her passionately and turned away. Janet looked after his retreating form for a moment, then raised her clasped hands in mute appeal to Heaven, choked a rising sob, and answered her mother's call.

John Hallam, then clerk in the wholesale fur store of Mink & Otter, first saw Janet Dudley at the country house of a cousin, where he was visiting one summer holiday. She had graduated at the Normal College a year or so before, and being obliged to leave the city directly after, on account of her mother's failing health, had sought and obtained the position of village school-mistress at Strawberry Centre.

They had fallen in love with each other at first sight, he fascinated by her pretty girlish face, her graceful ways, and quaint, precise speech, and she by his handsome brown eyes, his gayety, his fine tenor voice, and his gallant bearing; and before John's holiday was over she had promised to become at some not far distant time his wife. But a few months after they had plighted troth, John's uncle Roger, who had been the black sheep of his family, returned from abroad, like the famous black sheep of Babyland, with three or more bags full, not of wool, however, but money. No one knew where or how these bags had been filled, and no one seemed to care. That they were full appeared quite enough, for all doors flew open to him at the first "Baa."

Among others who renewed their acquaintance with Mr. Roger Vandergaas, now bleached to admirable whiteness, was his nephew, whom he had not seen since his childhood, and to whose mother he had not sent one line for fifteen years before her death. The old man received his young relative with great kindness, and being also immediately fascinated by his handsome face (which he secretly flattered himself resembled his own), his air debonair, and fine tenor voice, declared his intention of making him his heir, commanded him to resign his situation at Mink & Otter's—a command which the commanded lost no time in obeying—and installed him in elegant rooms adjoining his own in the St. Sky Hotel.

But when Uncle Roger came to hear of the pretty village school-mistress, he was exceeding wroth, and swore, with many strange and terrible oaths, that if John did not promise to remain a bachelor for at least five years, and when he did change his state, to marry his—Uncle Roger's—choice, back to work should he go, and not a penny from the three or more bags full should he ever have.

Now this jolly, singing, fine-looking young fellow beneath a careless exterior concealed an intense longing for wealth and all the comforts and luxuries wealth could bring; besides which he was troubled with a constitutional lassitude, as a certain fox once called it, though it is better known to the world under another name, also commencing with an *l*. And to descend from his perch, as it were, and mingle once more with the grubbing work-a-day crowd, seemed to him worse than death. But then he loved, as well as such a selfish nature could love, blue-eyed, golden-haired Janet Dudley, and hated to give her up almost as much as he did the elegant rooms at the St. Sky. Here was a coil, and thinking how to unwind it cost him a week of sleepless nights. The proposition he at length made to his "ladye-love," as has been seen, she indignantly repelled; and swearing, "I will never give you up," he gave her up the next day, as will be seen by the following letter:

"My Darling,—For, notwithstanding your cruelty" (*her* "cruelty," poor child!) "my darling you are and ever will be, the die is supposed to be cast. I have acceded to Uncle Roger's wishes, as you would say, you prim, old-fashioned little sweetheart, with a mental reservation. You are that mental reservation. Be true to me, as I shall be to you, and I may yet lay a fortune at your feet. John."

AT THE GATE AGAIN.

Only a year had passed, and Mr. Vandergaas, already weary of his nephew's fine tenor voice, handsome face, and air debonair, suddenly bade him farewell one cloudy morning (they were stopping at a hotel in Paris), gave him the smallest bag of wool—money, I mean—and again departed for parts unknown. To do John Hallam justice, he also was tired of the companionship, and at times had almost regretted entering into compact with the wicked old man. But on regaining his liberty he congratulated himself on the cleverness he had displayed, for though the larger portion of the fortune might be lost, he had seen the gayest part of the Old World in its gayest dress, secured a snug sum of money, and was free to return to America and Janet. "I'm sure she is waiting for me," he said, "though she wouldn't answer one of my letters, the proud, inflexible little thing."

And back home he went post-haste—back to the village where he had left the pretty young school-mistress.

It was just such a lovely evening as that on which they parted when he found himself once more, this time with hurried steps, walking along the old familiar road. The birds were chirping "good-nights" to each other, the air was full of fragrance, the great night moths were humming in successful mimicry of the humming-birds as they hovered over the blossoms that open beneath the stars, the crickets shrilled loud and merrily, the fairy lanterns of the fire-flies glowed fitfully on every side, and Janet—yes, it was Janet, the moonbeams resting on her golden head—stood, as though she had never left it since the hour they parted, at the garden gate. "Dreaming of me, no doubt," thought the fast-approaching lover, and in a moment more he stood before her.

She started; a faint blush rose to her cheek; she looked wonderfully bright and happy. "Why, John—Mr. Hallam, I should say—can it be you?" she said.

"'Mr. Hallam!'" echoed the young man, with a light laugh. "It is John—your own John."

"You are mistaken—" she began, but he interrupted her hastily.

"Uncle Roger has deserted me. I am glad of it. His desertion sets me free."

"And will you not get his fortune, after all?" she asked.

"Don't be sarcastic, Janet," he replied. "I did what I thought was for the best, and the end proves I was more far-seeing than you were, for everything has turned out for the best. I have had a grand holiday, am richer by twenty thousand dollars than when I wooed and won you, and you shall have a set of diamonds, and teach school no more."

"I never cared for thousands of dollars or diamonds," said Janet, with provoking calmness, "and I gave up teaching school at the beginning of last vacation."

"You did? Then there need be no delay. You will marry me at once, Jenny?" and he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"John," she replied, as she quickly withdrew it, "I ceased to care for you as soon as I had read the letter you sent me announcing your decision to remain with Mr. Vandergaas. Strive to disguise it as you will, you chose between a humble life with me and a luxurious one with your uncle. I—"

"Janet," he interrupted, eagerly, "you do not, you will not, look at my conduct in the right light. You are such an uncompromising little woman. But granting that I did do wrong, 'Forget and forgive'—that was one of your school mottoes, you know—and give me back your heart, if you have ever taken it away from me, which I doubt"—with a confident smile—"and tell me when you will be my wife."

"Never, John."

"Nonsense! I won't take that for an answer. I foresaw, knowing you so well, that you would bring forward many obstacles, and I have come prepared to combat them all, and to do battle with whatever stands between us. A few good blows, and down it goes before me, Janet."

Janet's eyes twinkled, and a little laugh escaped from her lips.

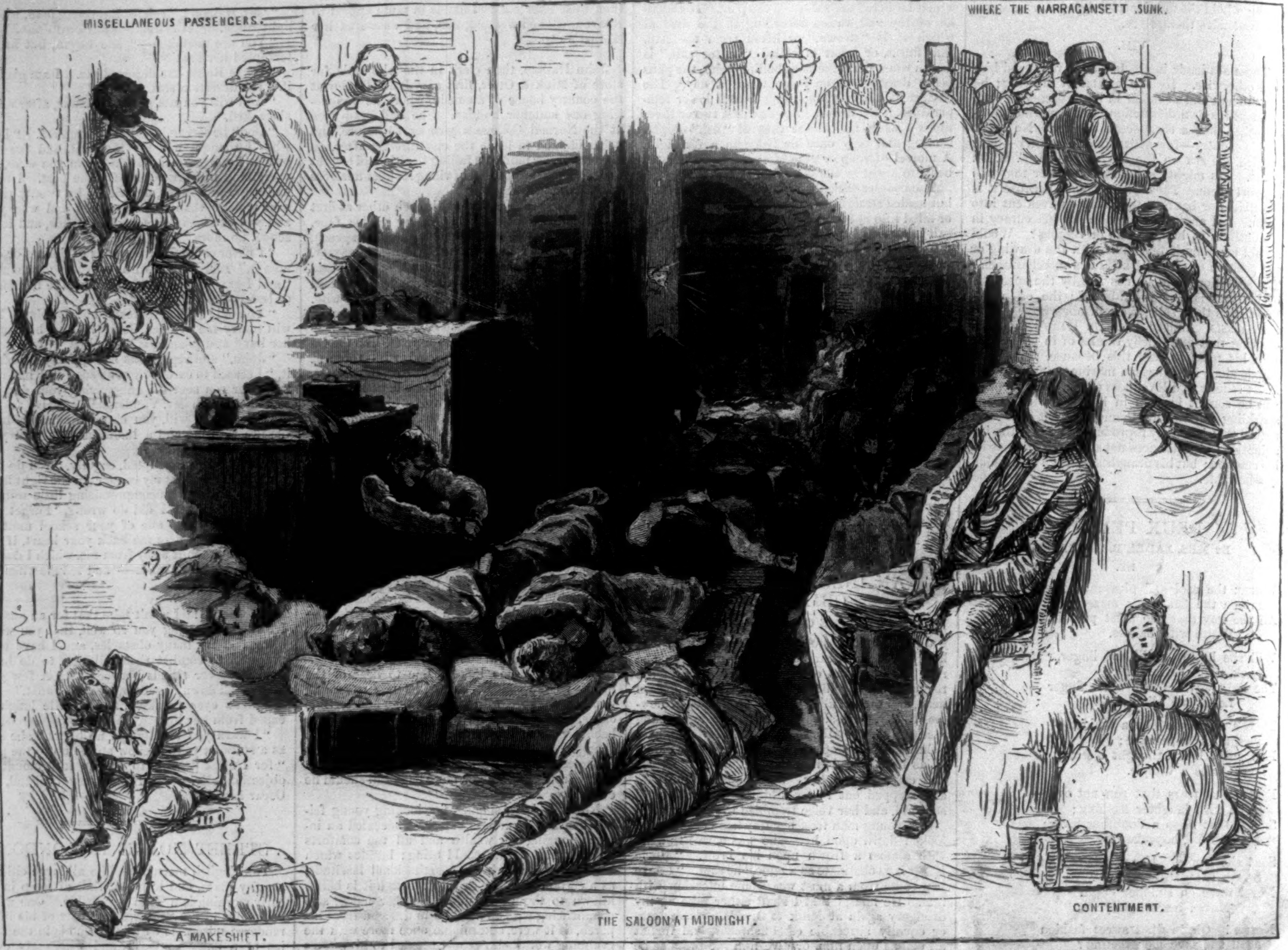
"I warn you to attempt no blows," she said, as a stalwart young fellow strode up to the gate, "for I must present to you an insurmountable objection—Mr. John Hallam, my husband, Mr. Oscar Lanier."

STREET NOISES IN LONDON.

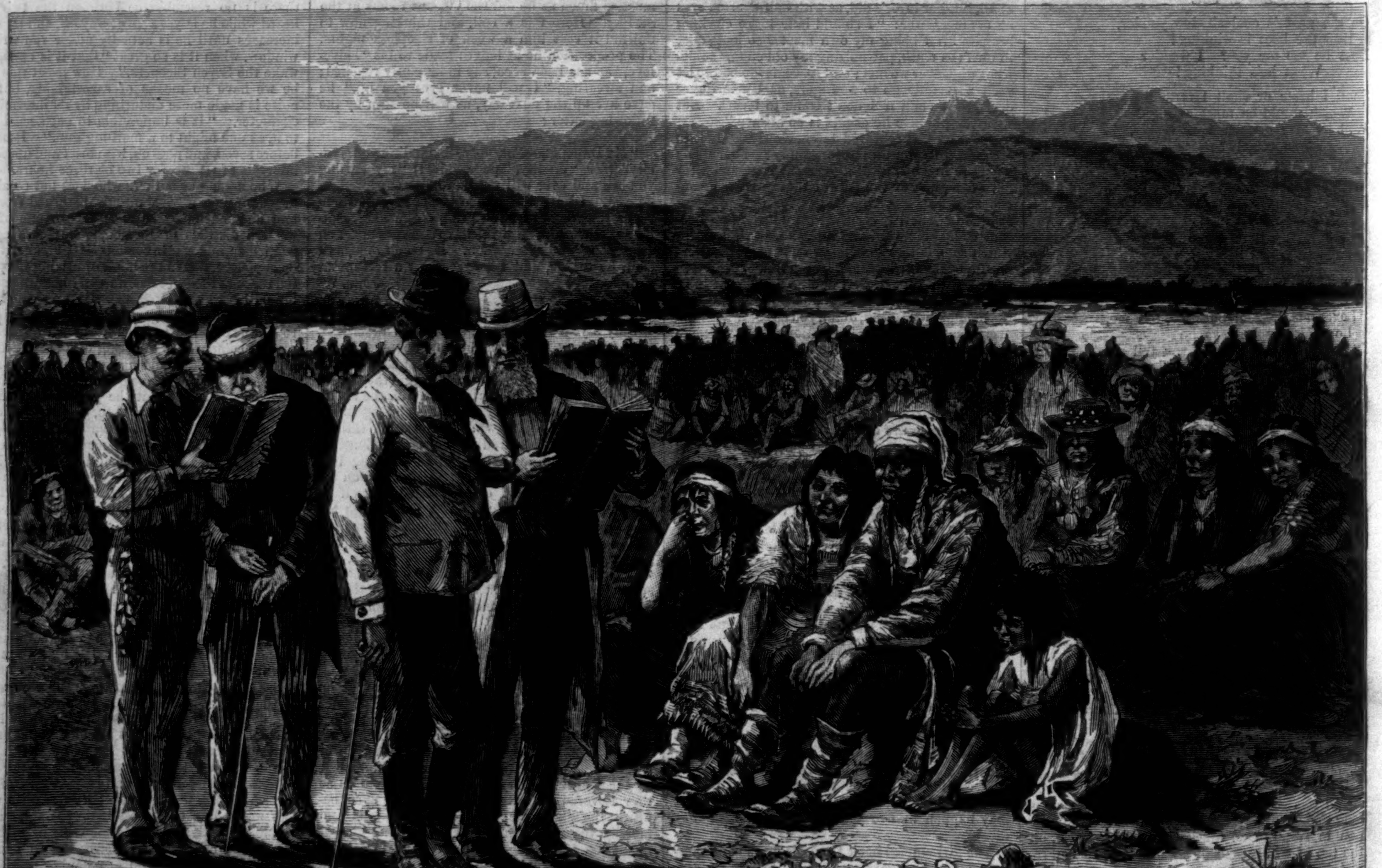
The English metropolis, like all large cities, is a noisy place, and to get a wink of sleep in the early morning is next to impossible. One writer complains in the *Standard* that part of his life is rendered miserable by a man who is in the service of a dairy company, and who, early every morning, week-days and Sundays, makes a round of the neighborhood. "His voice—which is as powerful as M. Lassalle's, though in other respects there is no resemblance between the two"—is heard while he is yet a great way off, and its noise increases until he is actually under the writer's window, when it is so great "that it is enough to wake the Seven Sleepers." How great this may be we have no means of ascertaining, but the noise is made more disturbing by its intermittent character. "It is impossible to get accustomed to it, as one might to a morning gun." It begins before seven, and goes on, with brief and uncertain intervals of repose, for two or three hours.

Who among us is there who does not recall his own sufferings when wantonly disturbed from "a first and much-coveted sleep"? In one of the western districts of London, some years ago, a gentleman, engaged in commercial pursuits, it may be supposed, was in the habit of driving his phaeton through the streets at an early hour, presumably on his way to business. He was constantly accompanied by a black dog, which gambolled round the carriage, barking with a bark which can only be compared to the firing of a small piece of ordinance. This nuisance continued for many years, and not only was nothing ever done to mitigate the nuisance, but the police, and even the magistrate, when appealed to, declared their inability to interfere. That commercial gentleman would have the deaths of many of his fellow-creatures on his conscience, if he had one. Many similar examples will occur to every one who has lived even a few weeks in London. It is certainly outrageous that one vender of milk, or of anything else, should have it in his power to murder the sleep of a number of people by the way in which he chooses to sell his goods.

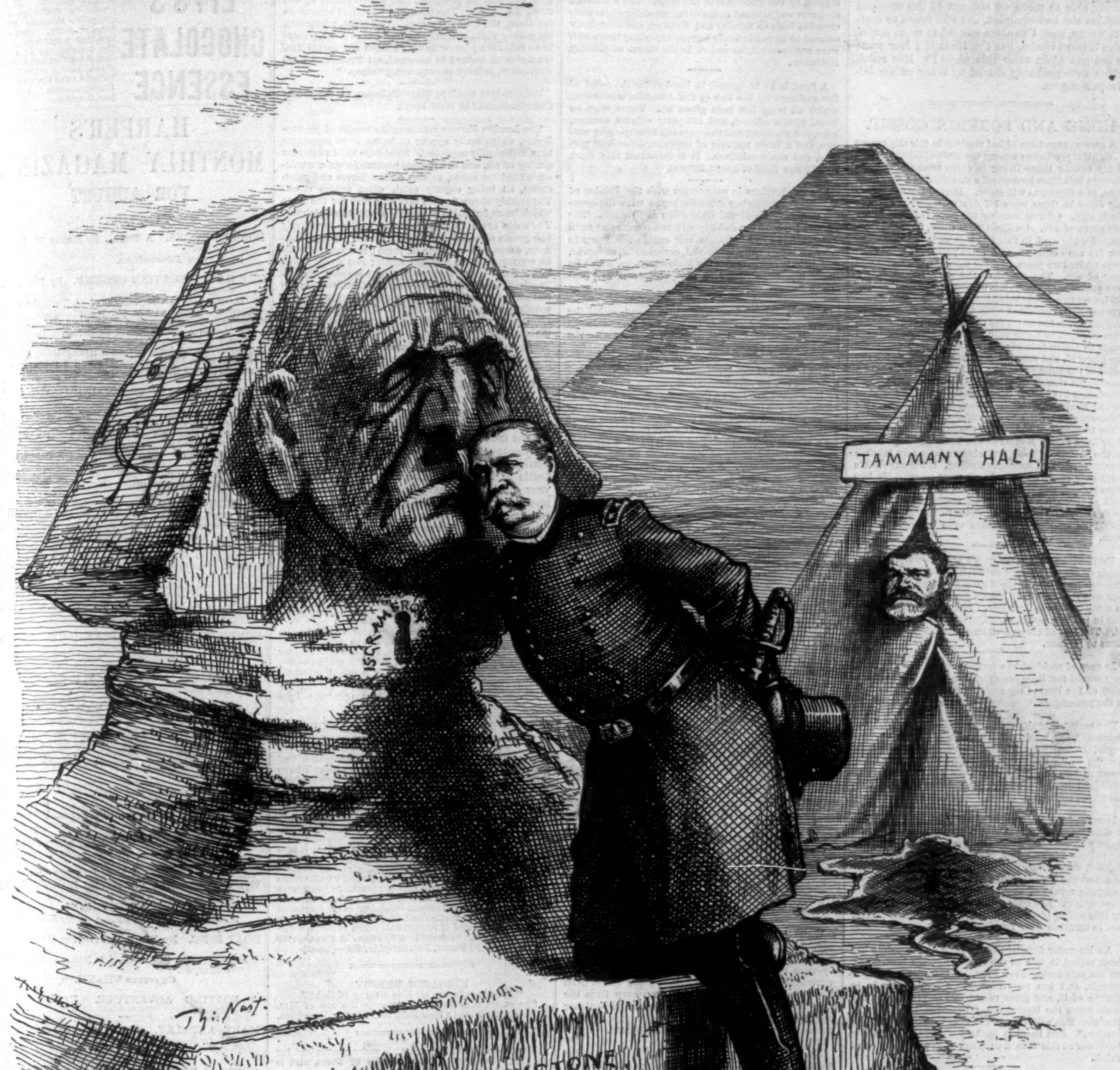
A correspondent of the paper already referred to sums up his experience in a few sad lines: "Piano-organs of huge size and great power, accompanied by a chorus of foul-tongued roughs of both sexes, yelling milkmen and coster-mongers, make the day unbearable; barking dogs and howling drunkards make night hideous." The police, it appears, feel themselves to be powerless in the matter. They would gladly take action, but, so far as regards street noises, their hands are tied. They themselves are as anxious as anybody else can be to put some check on what threaten to become intolerable nuisances. Not only do superintendents and inspectors constantly receive letters complaining of grievances which they would like to redress if they could, but also the noises of the night and the early morning are, as may be imagined, as distressing to members of the police force, who are hoping to snatch a few hours' rest or sleep between the intervals of duty, as they can be even to hard-pressed "brain-workers." The things which we have described or referred to give a truly pleasing picture of the state of London toward the close of the nineteenth century. We seem to be reading an account of some work of Hogarth's a hundred and fifty years old. Yet it is not in the slightest degree exaggerated, and there is no remedy.


MISCELLANEOUS PASSENGERS.
WHERE THE NARRAGANSETT SUNK.
A MAKESHIFT.
THE SALOON AT MIDNIGHT.
CONTENTMENT.

A NIGHT ON THE SOUND.—DRAWN BY S. G. MCCUTCHEON.—[SEE PAGE 477.]



MUSTER-DAY ON AN INDIAN RESERVATION.—DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 477.]



"FOUL WHISPERINGS ARE ABROAD."—Shakspeare.

J. Kelly. "Ha! ha! Now he will have to call on me, or there will be the **Kelly** to pay!"

"General Hancock called on Tilden."—*News.*

AN INDIAN MUSTER DAY.

Mr. Frenzeny's picture on the preceding page is from a sketch of a scene which he witnessed on the plains. The Indians have come from far and near to meet the agent, state their wants, and be looked after generally. Many of them are in a state of great destitution, partly owing to their own improvident habits, and partly to the deliberate manner in which many of the agents defraud them of supplies provided by the government.

DON'T WORK TOO HARD.

It might be thought that people would show wisdom in respect to health. No school of skepticism is possible on this point. No critic arises to tell people that care for one's health is altogether a baseless tradition. The laws of nature are, no doubt, very benign; but if you manage to run your head against them, so much the worse for you. Nature may be our mother, but she is also quite capable of showing herself a stepmother. The laws of health work in the same calm, persistent, inexorable manner as the laws of the seasons and the orbits of the heavenly bodies. No doubt the conditions of health are better understood than formerly. Still there are people who live in the utmost defiance of all the laws of nature—people who will gobble, though they know that they are digging their graves with their teeth; who will drink unwholesome beverages, though they might well fear gout and gravel; who will work hard long after the tripod of life—brain, heart, lungs—has shown symptoms of weakness and distress in one direction or another.

But men will not abandon their darling pursuits, trusting to the chapter of accidents or the vigor of their constitutions. In matters of health there is no such thing as a chapter of accidents, except, indeed, of unfavorable accidents; and if men live long with a good constitution under unfavorable conditions, they would live still longer under favorable conditions. It is in vain that you tell a man in the full tide of business that he is working inordinately, and that he will break up. He continues to work inordinately, and, as a matter of fact, he does break up. Generally speaking, a man has dense ignorance of the laws of nature, and if he knows something about them, he will sin against his lights. If you would live long and be happy, remember the old distich,

"Don Juan Fernando
Can't do more than he can do."

A NIGHT ON THE SOUND.

Mr. McCutcheon's picture on the preceding page is no exaggeration of the discomforts suffered during the summer months by travellers on the Sound and river steamers. These immense water palaces are often so crowded with passengers that there is scarcely room left to lie down even on the decks. Every state-room and berth is taken up, the floors are strewn with mattresses placed side by side, and every chair and sofa is occupied by sleepy, if not sleeping, passengers—men, women, and children—who have not had the good fortune to secure more comfortable accommodations for the night.

To say nothing of the increased danger in case of accident, this fearful overcrowding ought to be stopped in the interest of the public comfort. No steamboat company should be allowed to take on board more passengers than can be accommodated with state-rooms or cabin berths. The laws against overcrowding passenger boats ought to be strictly enforced.

To be sure, the passengers are generally good-natured, in spite of the discomfort they suffer, and are rarely heard to complain; but that is because they have ceased to hope for any improvement. They feel themselves at the mercy of the companies, and so try to make the best of it. Recently an elderly Irishwoman spent a whole night in a cushioned chair in the cabin of one of the Sound steamers. On awaking in the morning from an uneasy sleep, and finding herself hardly able to move on account of the cramped position she had occupied, she was heard to mutter, "Sure, now, I've often wanted to sit in one o' thim illigant chairs, but I'm blest if I iver want to see one again after this night!" Her sentiments were probably shared by many of her fellow-passengers.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A PROTRACTED term of hot weather in this city causes a frightful pestilence among the little children, particularly among those living in close tenement-houses. Cholera infantum sweeps off a thousand in a very brief time, as a few facts will show. During the week ending June 19 there were 707 deaths reported in New York city. Of this number 386 were children under five years of age. On June 26, at noon, the total mortality for the week in this city was 1038. Of this number 713 were children under five years, 664 were children under two years, and 529 were infants under one year of age. The record of the week ending July 3 was still more terrible, the number of deaths reaching 1297, over two-thirds being little ones under five. Protracted heat, combined with unwholesome food and impure air, is too much for children who have no surplus strength to battle with disease. Many efforts are made to lessen this excessive mortality. Excursions are planned, and sea-side sanitariums opened, for the relief of the little sufferers; for in cholera infantum a seasonable change of air works wonders. Fifty-four physicians have lately been appointed by the Board of Health to visit the tenement-houses, prescribe for sick children, give tickets to excursions or to sanitariums when needed, and to instruct mothers how to care for their little ones. Mothers show lamentable ignorance in the matter of food, and cholera infantum is often the direct result of improper feeding. If the city streets were only clean, so that the air were measurably free from poison, and if decayed fruits and vegetables—as well as those unripe—and bad meats were banished from the markets, the death rate in tenement-houses would be sensibly diminished even during a heated term.

Fertile Illinois has suffered a sad calamity. Thousands of acres of highly cultivated land have been inundated by breaks in the Mississippi levee, and so sudden was the flood that houses were carried away, and in some instances lives lost. The first break reported was in the Sny Levee, near Quincy, and others followed. The loss of crops, buildings, and cattle will be serious to farmers.

In case of accident to a ferry-boat on the East River, how would the life-preservers become available? In most of the boats they seem to be quite inaccessible to the passengers.

The recent singular epidemic at North Adams, Massachusetts, has been traced to the water supply. The special impurities are referred to an old mill-dam through which the water passes, and which has been found to be full of decaying vegetable matter. It is believed, however, that peculiar conditions of weather had paved the way to the outbreak of the epidemic.

Is something to be done about it at last? We see it stated that the Manhattan Beach Company will make a special business of suppressing illegal dumping in New York Bay. A boat has been chartered, and manned with a corps of policemen, who have orders to arrest the captain and crew of every vessel caught dumping refuse of any kind inside of the limits defined by law. Not only will Coney Island be the gainer by this action of the company, but many other places, not to mention New York itself.

An ice-water fountain for the use of the public has been placed in one of the recesses of the Post-office, on the side facing Park Row. The cooler holds four barrels, and has four faucets. An attendant is in charge of it, and glass tumblers are provided. The tank bears the inscription, "Free Ice-Water, by the Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation." And there is need of moderation in using ice-water at this season as much as in using any other drink.

The day before the Fourth of July, 42,000 pounds of meat were placed in the ice-house at Manhattan Beach, Coney Island, in preparation for the expected rush.

A substitute for ice has been put down on the floors of certain skating rinks in London. It consists of a mixture of carbonate and sulphate of soda, which forms a crystalline mass offering about the same resistance to skates as ice does. It is cut up as easily as ice, but can be readily smoothed and repaired.

There are technical schools in Holland, both at Amsterdam and at Rotterdam, in which several trades are taught to young women. In this thing other countries might well follow the example of Holland.

An urgent appeal comes from Ooroomiah, Persia, for relief to the starving. The famine is increasing in severity. Hundreds are dying daily in and around Ooroomiah for lack of food. Their dead bodies lie unheeded in the streets, and are devoured by famished dogs. Mothers, maddened by hunger, have been discovered eating their own children. The horrible accounts which come from Persia must awaken the sympathies of Americans, who have enough and to spare.

It is a pleasant incident that is related of King George of Greece. During his first visit to Paris a grand ball was given in his honor at the court of Napoleon III. While the festivities were going forward the Empress Eugénie asked him, "Whom do you think is the handsomest woman at the ball?"

"Pardon me, your Majesty," replied the king; "I am a barbarian, a Cossack: I know but one handsome woman—my wife."

Forest fires have again been prevailing in sections of Long Island.

Independence-day—the 4th and 5th combined—passed with unusual comfort to the quieter portion of the community in this vicinity. The ordinance prohibiting the discharging of fire-crackers, etc., was specific enough; and though the police were singularly deaf to small, well-managed celebrations of this nature, there seemed to be a general care-taking, in view of the combustible condition of the city in consequence of the long drought. The number of fires was smaller than usual—a circumstance partly due to the afternoon rain. About forty persons in the city were injured by the discharge of fire-arms. The excursion steamers and railroad trains to the sea-side resorts were crowded both on Sunday and Monday, and everybody seemed to be patriotically happy, excepting those who were unexpectedly drenched in the storm of Monday afternoon.

A fund is to be opened in London for the relief of the sufferers by the loss of the *Atalanta*, concerning which all hope has been given up. There were on board fifteen officers, and 265 petty officers, seamen, boys, and marines; and there are left twenty-eight widows, and a large number of orphans, dependent parents, and other relatives. It is estimated that there should be a fund of about £20,000.

The celebrations in connection with the Jubilee of Belgian Independence officially began with the opening of a grand National Exhibition at Brussels. The regular fêtes of the Jubilee will not commence until August, but the Exhibition will enable foreigners to gain an idea of the industrial, commercial, scientific, and artistic condition of the little kingdom, which its larger neighbors regard as prosperous and well governed.

A newly invented scientific instrument, called the topophone, will doubtless be found of great value in navigating in fogs. It is designed to determine the exact position of any source of sound.

The Library of Congress still remains in its restricted quarters, but its needs have been, to some extent, taken into consideration by Congress. While some Senators and Representatives favor the retention of the Library in the Capitol, after additions are made for its better accommodation, others believe that there should be a special separate building for it; and it certainly seems as if any mere addition would be only a temporary arrangement. A joint committee of the Senate and House has been appointed to investigate the matter, and will make a report next October.

The month of June, 1880, will long be memorable for its steamboat disasters. On the night of the 11th the *Narragansett* was burned and the *Stonington* crushed. Quickly followed the news of the collision of the *Queen* and the *Anchoria*. The *City of New York* was burned in the East River, and the *Adelaide* was run down in the North River by the *Grand Republic*. The *Long Branch*, loaded with excursionists, was disabled in the East River, and the horrors of the burning *Seawanhaka* are yet fresh in every mind.

Why Colorado Springs received its name may be matter for inquiry, since there are no springs there. But at Manitou, five miles distant, are the famed mineral springs. Hitherto it has been for visitors a dusty walk, or an expensive ride by carriage or stage, from Colorado Springs to Manitou. But the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad has just added a little branch to Manitou, which will prove a great convenience.

About twelve miles from St. Paul, Minnesota, is White Bear Lake, which has been the scene of a sad accident. Fourteen persons, of whom six were women and children, undertook to manage a yacht without any competent sailor. A sudden squall came up, the yacht was upset, and seven were drowned. Reports, which it is to be hoped are false, say that seven men swam ashore without making any effort to save the women and children of the party.

Census returns place the population of New York at 1,209,561; Philadelphia, 847,452; Brooklyn, 554,693; Chicago, 477,500; St. Louis, 377,000; Boston, 352,000; and Baltimore, 330,000.

While it is highly important that measures should be adopted to lessen the number of homeless, neglected, straying, and vicious curs that haunt the streets and by-ways of the city, there have been some very unwarrantable instances of pet dogs being seized from the very doors of their owners, and even from the arms of their mistresses. One aggressive dog-catcher and his assistant, after such a performance, found themselves arrested, tried, and fined $10 each.

Mr. Plimsoll recently made a statement before the select committee of the House of Commons in regard to the loss of merchant shipping and crews at sea. His returns showed that about nine thousand lives had been lost within five years. In many cases no inquiry had been made into the circumstances from which the disaster had resulted. The greater part of the loss was owing to ships being loaded by grain in bulk, and in Mr. Plimsoll's opinion the principal remedy would be to place the grain in bags, which could be easily moved so as to adjust the trim of the ship.

It is rumored among the Russians of the embassy in London that the Czar will abdicate before long. It is said that some time ago he wished to abdicate, but was persuaded to give up the idea on account of the Empress, who did not wish to lose her rank. Now it is thought that the Emperor may marry the Princess Dolgourouka, give up the reins of power, and retire to the south of Italy, where he has considerable property. But then all this may be unreliable gossip, for of course there are numerous stories, true and false, floating about the region of the Winter Palace.

The forty-ninth exhibition of the American Institute of the City of New York will open September 15, and will continue until November 27. For the encouragement of amateur art-work, the managers propose to admit without charge, for exhibition and competition, all such work as may be approved, and to award prizes to those who excel. It is the intention of the Institute to have ladies who are proficient in art-work included among the judges. The exhibits will embrace sculpture, painting, drawing, bric-à-brac, fancy-work, decorated china, wood-carving, etc. Applications for space must be made before September 1, to the General Superintendent, room 22, Cooper Union, New York city, stating the nature of the proposed exhibit, and where it may be examined.

There are about eighty employés in the Dead-letter Office at Washington, and about eight thousand letters are daily received there. In general, the most valuable inclosures are found in letters which are not directed at all.

The following little incident is related in a French journal in connection with "Sleep"—one of the most esteemed paintings exhibited in the Paris Salon this year: "One sultry June day M. Henner worked at a picture which refused to respond to his wishes. Discouraged and out of humor, the artist threw down palette and brush, bade his model, a young girl of sixteen, to break her pose, and then strode hastily up and down the studio. The tired girl stretched herself on the divan, and soon fell asleep. The artist, continuing his moody walk, suddenly noticed her as she lay there in so natural a pose, with rosy cheeks and parted lips. On tiptoe he walked to his easel, sat down, and, filled with ardor, painted the charming 'Sleep.'"

Fifty cadets received their diplomas at the recent Commencement at West Point.

The London *Farmer* rehearses the merits of the sunflower, which really appear to be far more numerous than is generally supposed. The seeds yield a superior quality of oil, and the pressed residue forms a wholesome food for cattle, as also do the leaves and green stalks, all being eagerly eaten when cut up small. The freshly blown flowers furnish a dish for the table which bears favorable comparison with the artichoke. The seeds are a valuable food for poultry, or supply fine groats of a delicate almond flavor. Ground into flour, cakes can be made of them; roasted, they can be converted into a pleasant drink; and when boiled in alum and water they yield a blue coloring matter. The dried leaf is used as tobacco; the seed receptacles and inner part of the stalk are made into paper; the woody portions used as fuel; and in swampy places sunflowers are said to be a protection against intermittent fever.

HEART DISEASE.

Gentlemen,—I have been a great sufferer from diseases of the kidneys, liver, and chronic disease of the heart, accompanied by distressing pains in the back and head. So much so as to confine me to my bed; have been for years under the treatment of our best physicians. Your advertisement came to my notice, and I procured a bottle of the Constitution Water, and following your directions, I have been able to attend to business ever since, and at present I am in the enjoyment of my former health, and now use no other medicine. I assure you it gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefits I have received from the use of it, and cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with the like diseases. Very truly, THOMAS BISHOP,
Note Teller Nat. Bank of the Republic,
To Messrs. MORGAN & ALLEN. New York.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For female complaints and childhood weakness a specialty. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 59 John St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

"PROFOUNDLY GRATEFUL TO GOD."

"I have been using your Compound Oxygen Treatment," writes Judge S. L. Bryan, of Salem, Ill., "for nearly two months, *and am profoundly grateful to God* and you for the benefits derived from its use. I have been for more than thirty years a sufferer from nervous disorders. Overwork and sedentary habits as a college student brought me into difficulty. Later in life professional labors added dyspepsia to my nervous calamity, and I have been a great sufferer for many years. My sleep has been bad, and I have had much irregularity in the action of the heart. * * * The gas has nearly *relieved the disturbed heart-action, and my sleep is becoming as sweet and protracted as in early life.* * * * I shall always remember you with gratitude, and appreciate the blessings of a progressive investigation which brings such results. I think you may congratulate yourselves that you stand in the front of a new medical advance that is to effect *a permanent revolution in the treatment of disease.*" Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, which contains the record of remarkable cures in chronic diseases, sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.—[*Com.*]

RINGLETS BRIGHT

"That toss in the air like a thing of light."
She stood thus beautiful through the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. Sold by Druggists.—[*Com.*]

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate is more convenient for making "lemonade" than lemons or limes, and is healthier than either.—[*Com.*]

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"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE BEST Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. Beware of counterfeits and imitations similarly put up. For sale by druggists, grocers, liquor merchants, and L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

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